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# THE ROUND TABLE.

A SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND ART.

Whole No. 103.—VOL. V.

New York, January 12, 1867.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

### NOTES OF THE NEW YEAR.

NEW YEAR'S week has come and gone without bringing the disasters which political and financial Cassandras have so long been prophesying as inevitable and as certain speedily to overwhelm us. Events have shown that the industrial and economic results flowing from our civil war are likely to be as peculiar and as imperfectly to be judged by precedents as are the whole situation and career of the nation itself. The shrewdest of foreign observers are puzzled to find excuses for our very unexpected and reprehensible prosperity, and, tired of predicting speedy catastrophe, they take refuge in a new class of explanations, and tax their ingenuity to put them in such a light as will do the least credit to American vigor and sagacity and the least discredit to the acumen of the prophets themselves. *The Saturday Review*, for example, finds that with all our losses and difficulties, "the capital available for American commerce was never so large." The explanation of this seeming paradox is, however, simple enough. In the course of the last few years, the United States have sold half their commercial navy to English and other ship-owners, and have besides recently borrowed fully £100,000,000 by the sale of American securities in the European markets. The purchase-money of their shipping and the proceeds of their bonds have supplied them with abundant capital for the immediate wants of trade; and it is no longer a mystery that they should have escaped the embarrassments which generally follow immediately after a costly war." If this explanation be, indeed, a correct one, it is very fortunate for the United States that she had a commercial navy to sell, and that the confidence of Europe in American securities was not regulated by the auguries or the hopes of the leading press of London. Such estimates as these, however, always leave out of account the stream of wealth both in labor and money which constantly pours into the country by immigration, the vast resource of fertile territory which remains to be developed, and the important fact that European standards of relative population and productive power are inapplicable here by reason of the excessively small proportion of non-working persons. *The Saturday Review* acknowledges, indeed, that "it is always difficult to estimate the extent to which their [our] unequalled wealth in fertile territory may mitigate the consequences of a persistent defiance of economical laws." And it is at least equally difficult for European minds to estimate the degree in which, under totally opposite conditions and as a consequent systematic policy, the economical laws which are confessed to be immutable in Europe may be wisely disregarded, if not positively "defied," in this country.

There has been, no doubt, a general persuasion among business men that we are working, in a measure, upon a hollow basis; that vast numbers, in the metropolis more especially, are living beyond their means; and that, sooner or later, a crash must come of a more or less comprehensive and disastrous character. The late rumor touching the suspension of a heavy Broadway house—a rumor which we are sorry to hear had its origin in malice, and which we are glad to be assured is totally without foundation—bore a certain plausibility in this, that anything like real pressure—the beginning of the end—might not unnaturally be expected to be first felt among the largest dealers in those costliest elegancies and luxuries of life, who require to wield large capital and to give large credit. The firm stand of Ball, Black & Co. is, from this point of view, a very satisfactory evidence of continued commercial healthfulness, and is, at least, a fair sign that we have no immediate disaster to apprehend. But there are not wanting those who now believe that we have really gone through the most critical part of our financial experience—who suppose that in the vast development of

our resources, the continued accumulation of recuperative facilities, and the great preponderance of causes tending to force up the price of our bonds abroad, we possess elements of strength which will resist any probable strain—and that, in fine, there is a very excellent prospect of our getting back to specie payments without any commercial panic or serious revolution at all. This may be too sanguine a view, but it is certainly a very pleasant one, and the successful turning of this hazardous corner of the new year has done much to give it promising body and color.

On the 15th, Tuesday next, our State Legislature elects a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Harris, and the usual amount of speculation and prophecy is rife respecting a choice which even the majority of those who have to make it are probably still undetermined about. Mr. Harris has been lately induced to make a strong bid for the Radical support, and this is supposed to give him chances which otherwise he would not have had. There is a general prejudice against the senator with the public, which regards him as a colorless and inefficient statesman, but the managing politicians by no means consider such an objection an insurmountable one.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Roscoe Conkling, and Judge Davis, of the Court of Appeals, are reckoned, for the most part, as having the best prospects for success, and it seems likely that between these two gentlemen the choice will fall. Mr. George William Curtis has been a great deal spoken of as eligible for the senatorial chair, and in view of his culture, his varied experience, or his estimable personal qualities, we know of no gentleman more likely gracefully to fill it; while there is, however, little hope of such a result at present, we are glad that the nomination has been extensively agitated, for Mr. Curtis is still young, and this will serve to break ground for a future recognition of his claims and merits. For our own part, and weighing all the exigencies of the case, we should be best pleased were the choice to settle, after all, upon Mr. Greeley. He deserves this compliment at the hands of the state, and there can be no honest question as to his fitness to receive it. A high-minded and honorable man to the core, there is no imputed mistake in judgment which should have a feather's weight in the scale against his well-established patriotism, his comprehensive ability, and his unspotted rectitude. The influences which have been brought against Mr. Greeley before are, we are aware, at work now, and may succeed in compassing his defeat. Should this be the case, it will score him up additional capital with the people in the way of reaction which he can draw upon freely in the immediate future.

The State Constitutional Convention will speedily be at its work and we may soon expect as among the results of its deliberations three important things: First, a relief of the Court of Appeals through the appointment of an auxiliary bench of commissioners. Second, the abolition of the elective judiciary. Third, the enlargement in numbers of the Senate and Assembly. Neither of these measures require specific advocacy, since it was distinctly understood by the people at the late election that such were the cardinal objects aimed at in proposing a Convention at all, and their overwhelming vote in its favor is sufficient evidence of the strength of their convictions. The calendar of the Court of Appeals has for some time been loaded hopelessly down with cases of the "frivolous and vexatious" order, carried thither by bad men and their abettors in order to evade or indefinitely to defer the ends of justice; but even the legitimate business of the court far exceeds its possibilities of performance. The election of judges has long been a nuisance and disgrace, and the power of the ruffians of our large cities both to elevate scoundrels of their own kidney to the bench and to practise their misdeeds with all but impunity, will now be wholesomely curtailed. An enlargement of the Legislature—a measure which is calculated as its chief recommendation to increase the difficulties of bribery—has long been indicated as necessary. The two houses at present include one hundred and sixty members, a number which, considered as representing five millions of people, is absurdly inadequate. We hear it whispered that, however ostensibly in the public interest any measures may be couched which

aim at the establishment of a Board of Control or the suspension of the present Board of Supervisors, the effect will be that of playing into the same hands—or pockets—which have been so iniquitously enriched at the expense of our tax-payers before. This, together with all similar villainies, with a properly augmented Legislature would be made next to impossible, and our citizens might then, for the first time for many years, rest in peace, free from the disagreeable certainty that, do what they might, any conceivable change could only result in altering the form of rascality without in the least degree affecting its substance.

The abolition of slavery seems likely to be closely followed by a movement for the abolition of polygamy in the Republic, since the bill introduced by Senator Howard aims at nothing less than the extirpation of the system in Utah, where it has so long been permitted to flourish. We have been sneered at not a little by foreign censors for allowing this blot to remain unexpunged in the heart of the national territory. But such critics have hardly sufficiently considered the difficulties of reaching the strong arm over a thousand miles of desert, where neither railways nor water-courses supply the means for conveying troops or their needful stores. Even now it is open to grave question whether, considering the vast difficulties and expenses of a forcible abolition of polygamy throughout the Mormon territory, it may be expedient to attempt it. Two or three hundred miles added to the Pacific Railway will, of course, put a different face on affairs. In the presence of certain means to conquer opposition, opposition would probably not be offered; in the absence of those obvious means it might, and doubtless would, prove obstinate and bloody. It will be easy in a short time to crush polygamy as well as to denounce it. For the immediate present such fulminations appear to smack, like Mr. Lincoln's first proposed ban against slavery, of the dubious quality of a "Pope's bull against the comet," and therefore, for the sake of dignity as well as policy, might be better kept in reserve.

### THE GAY SCIENCE.

IT is very heretical, no doubt, to say that the "gay science" is scarcely out of its swaddling cloths in our happy country, but we fear that such is the fact. De Tocqueville long ago pointed out the great danger which a commercial democracy—and more especially our commercial democracy—runs of assuming a common monotonous type through its ruthless persecution of all differences of social, literary, and political opinion; and demonstrated how there may be a hydra-headed despotism as well as a single-headed one. For all our advances in science, in art, and in the diffusion of education, the peril is impending over us to-day, exactly as twenty years since De Tocqueville predicted it. The very bitterness with which our civil war was waged was due in a great measure to the determined obstinacy wherewith each side refused to acknowledge that there could be the least possible grain of truth or justice in the arguments of the other; and, however essential such *ex parte* conviction may be to the successful prosecution of war, the fact that war is essentially barbaric implies the radical absurdity of its indispensable animus. Even in literature this uncivilized spirit still exists among us and prevents honest criticism from being either as "gay" or as safe as in a free country it should be. The preposterous tone of too many of our newspapers with regard to matters in which a variety of opinion is not only rational and defensible but absolutely necessary to healthful literary progress, presents a forcible illustration. They indulge in the childish habit of angrily denouncing those with whose persuasions they differ as if there were a moral wrong in the expression of what is, to them, a distasteful opinion; and, if their frame of mind may be inferred from what they print, would burn at the stake, had they the power, those who pronounce a book or a picture good which they think bad, or *vice versa*.

The overbearing insolence of such a tone is not only both amusing and offensive, but is provincial and unphilosophical to the last degree, and clearly evinces the need both of rebuke and reformation. The object of criticism, even when it runs into controversy, is surely truth, and not victory—enlighten-

ment, and not recrimination; and even when we are thoroughly persuaded that right is on our side, the conviction of an antagonist is certainly of more consequence than his humiliation. But it continually happens that our pseudo-critics, instead of striving for the legitimate ends of their vocation, abandon themselves to a senseless rancor which perverts all justice and reason, inasmuch as it makes men angry instead of making them wise. It is easy to be mistaken, and not difficult at times to point out error; but if it is desirable to counteract it, gentle means are surely more likely to be efficacious than savage ones. One man may lead a horse to water, and ten cannot make him drink; and to beat him unmercifully because he refuses to be thirsty, even when he ought to be, will not mend the matter. It may sometimes happen, of course, that an overwhelming conviction respecting a political question pervading the vast majority of a community, and enforcing the belief that national good or even national existence depends upon the triumphant establishment of that conviction, will, as in the case of the North in our civil war, bring about results generally conceded to be necessary if not as generally conceded to be just. But no such need can possibly be assumed as regards any literary or artistic topic. We cannot conceive of enforcing a given estimate of an author's work upon the public at the point of the bayonet. Here, if anywhere, there must be free will and the untrammeled right of expression; and this being admitted, to denounce people as knaves and fools because they cannot see with our eyes is as silly as it is pernicious. And yet we find writers in journals every day reviling with ungracious and unchristian acrimony others who have dared to record praise or blame which happens to be at variance with their own not improbably crude and ill-founded persuasions; since to indulge such a spirit is to display a temper scarcely compatible with the true exercise of the critical faculty.

Now, if we are to falsify the ingenious prophecies of M. de Tocqueville—who with all his merit was not infallible—if we are to be a really great nation in art, in letters, in philosophy, as well as in numbers and cotton and money-bags; if, more especially, we of New York are to cease to be a provincial and to become in the just sense a metropolitan community, it is positively necessary that not only the art of criticism but the duty of toleration should be studied and practised. Writers and speakers must get above the pitiful folly of abusing others either for knowing more than themselves or for disagreeing with their opinions. We need fewer dogmatists, and more gymnasts; fewer who argue for self-love, and more who plead for that of truth. Criticism, surely, as Mr. Dallas has shown us, need not be lugubrious. If the critics are at once competent and conscientious—and none others should be able in a healthful society to practise the high vocation—their labors should be regarded, and should be indeed, dispensers of light, life, and joy wherever they are read. Their aim, unquestionably, is of the highest—that of doing justice to merit, and of elevating the standards of public taste and appreciation. Such a calling may be gloomy or threatening to the foolish, the pretentious, and the bigoted; but to all others criticism, of all other arts or sciences, should be, if not always “gay,” at least cheerful and reassuring.

#### THE NATIONAL ROAD.

NEW York, soon in population, wealth, and commerce to rival London and Paris, is the mart of a continent. The energies of a quarter of the civilized world centre in it as the focus through which to reach the people of all nations. Its revenues are almost imperial and its merchants princes. This great city, so vast in its influence, so strong in its power, so grand in its present and future, should have accessories of corresponding character. Nature has worked for its welfare with a lavish hand. Its central position on the continent, the great rivers which wash either face of the city, the accessibility and safety of its capacious harbor, all are in keeping with its magnitude. But wherever the wisdom and providence of man have been relied upon it is sadly deficient.

Notably so is the roadway between the commercial and political centres of the nation, the heart and the head of the national body. Between these should

exist the most intimate intercourse. Moreover, by this channel the metropolis holds communion with the South and Southern States of the Confederacy. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans are reached through this thoroughfare. Here should be the grandest highway of the nation. A thousand merchants and business men daily go southward from the commercial mistress of the Western World. They cross the magnificent Hudson in ferry-boats owned and operated by some New Jersey corporation which delights in crowding its neighbors into the smallest possible and least cleanly space. To get access to these boats the passenger wades through dirt to the ticket office, at the great risk of his life from the jam of horses and carts, and the greater risk of having his pocket picked in the company's office, just eight feet by eight, and with every facility that a liberal pickpocket could desire for the safe exercise of his trade. Having passed the triple ordeal of the street, the ticket office, and the ferry-boat, the living stream of passengers, after being squeezed, one by one, through a gate, under the “show your ticket” process, are thrust into the cars of another petty New Jersey corporation, the privilege of sitting or standing, as the case may be, for the round sum of three cents a mile being fifty per cent. more than is charged by the Central or the Erie railroads. While submitting to these New Jersey institutions we have the pleasing satisfaction of knowing that we have not only paid, in the price of our ticket, the legitimate cost of a ride across the neighboring state, but have also paid a direct tax imposed for the support of the New Jersey government, and made a large contribution to the corruption fund of her combined Camden and Amboy and New Jersey railroad corporations, beside handing over to their stockholders, for their private use, the comfortable plunder of about eighteen per cent. upon their investment. At Philadelphia the patient traveller is deflected around the city, over about a dozen zigzag roads, amusing him for an hour or more, after which he is handed over to the tender consideration of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore railroad, which sends him on his journey, neither their management nor that of the Baltimore and Ohio company, who run the line from Baltimore to Washington, being an improvement upon the New Jersey régime. The average speed of the trains does not exceed twenty-five miles an hour, counting from city to city; and the accommodations are of the most inferior character.

This is entirely unbefitting the great city or the great country. The very arteries of the nation, through which from head to heart rolls its life-current, should no longer be held and managed by a small ring of speculators who, having bought from their state legislatures the privilege of seizing every traveller as he crosses the Hudson, first pluck him of his money under false pretences, and then carry him forward at snail's speed with what accommodations they choose. We are glad to see that a movement is on foot to end all this. A number of the most wealthy and public-spirited capitalists of New York have asked Congress to incorporate them into a company to build a proper national highway from New York to Washington. The bill passed the House last winter, and we cannot doubt will receive the approbation of the Senate and the President, although large sums of money have been and will be corruptly spent to defeat it. We are not familiar with the details of the plans proposed, but they should embrace among others these plain points: First, a wide gauge road, with a straight line and a double track; which, second, shall pass all rivers above tide-water over permanent bridges, and either over or under all wagon roads, or, where this cannot be done, shall have gateways and gate-tenders in charge of the crossings; third, the cars set between the wheels, instead of over them, making the wheels larger, and at the same time hanging the cars lower, than is the present usage, and giving the forward car the form of a gondola head, the whole road being fenced against cattle. With such improvements the speed might be safely increased to an average of fifty miles an hour. With no drawbridges inviting a watery grave, no crossing wagon-ways to challenge collision, no possibility of “cattle on the track,” the surge of

the cars greatly reduced by lowering them between the wheels, the traveller, at ease in cleanly, well warmed and ventilated, capacious cars, where he can secure privacy, might be carried from New York to Washington in little more time than it now takes to get him past Philadelphia, while the journey would be made a luxury rather than a penance.

#### THE GIFT OF GAB.

THAT silence is really gold cannot be credited in this community, or we should find it more greedily sought and more ostentatiously displayed. An opposite belief is rather the prevalent one, and, however proverbially words may cost nothing, most people are dissatisfied with the value attached by others to what they say. It might well be expected that in a country like this, nursed into greatness by danger—in an atmosphere like this, where the spirit of the contentious and haughty Red man may yet be supposed to linger—that a certain air of reticence would characterize the society, and that redundancy of speech would be among the last of our national foibles. Such, unhappily, is not the case. That Americans can act as well as talk has been magnificently proved; but the fact remains, nevertheless, that gab is everywhere with us, and that it pervades our community through all its ramifications as garlic does the cookery of Spain. The dogma that one man is as good as another leads, among its other conveniences, to the logical conclusion that one man's gab is as good as another's; and none can escape the penalty of the democratic axiom. We are all sons of Hermes in our own conceit, “with siren tongue and speaking eyes;” but we all alike forget the typical attitude, with finger on lip, of our assumed progenitor. It is enough for us that we were “littered under Mercury,” and have, therefore, a common right to be “snappers-up of unconsidered trifles.” Speech may be silver, but silence is greenbacks in our estimation, for we have not yet returned to specie payments and there is still a premium on the precious metal.

It has long been the fashion to slander women by saying that they are, *par excellence*, the empty chatters, the most affluent sources whence flow gushing cataracts of pointless words. This may have been true of American aborigines, but it certainly is not true of their successors. Men gab with us quite as much as women, and their gab is often less musical and usually more egotistic. Women's tattle is generally about others, but men's about themselves; and if we must hear gossip of some kind, the former is generally the least offensive. There is no doubt but that in a commercial community the exigencies of business compel men to talk a great deal. They thus fall into a habit which possesses them at all times and places, and which leads them systematically to bore people whom it is necessary neither to persuade nor to overreach. The fatal fascination of the sound of their own voices thus overcomes many who might exhibit under other circumstances the self-respect, not to say respect for others, which should teach them to think as well as to speak. Our people unite with most continental Europeans in laughing at the hesitancy and embarrassed delivery of Englishmen, forgetting that whatever the objections to such a defect, those of a lack of modest self-depreciation and a deference to the opinions of others are unlikely to be among them. The faculty of stringing words together with unabashed volubility may at times be a very useful one—to an auctioneer, for example, it may be invaluable—but the fact remains, notwithstanding, that it affords no just test of intellectual calibre, and that, on the contrary, it may be safely pronounced as a rule to be the indication of a shallow and feeble nature. Such a faculty is also apt to be the sign of a certain arrogant cowardice, whose possessor feels his own weakness and insufficiency, and so seeks to console himself by the impudent assumption that others arrive at conclusions with as little reflection and with as inadequate a self-measurement as he himself does.

Gab, if it indeed be a gift, is one with which our nation is far too lavishly endowed. In the office or the theatre, in the counting-room or the family circle, the idea seems to prevail that whoever can do the most talking establishes a title to social pre-eminence. Husbands and wives, lawyers and clients, merchants

and customers interrupt each other with torrents of words which clearly evince an iron determination to assert this ideal supremacy. You will scarcely meet one boy or girl in ten but thinks he or she can talk better and more to the purpose than surrounding seniors. Most men of business believe, and make no great secret of the conviction, that they could, if disposed, excel the labors of the professed orator or journalist. The current irreverence for age or experience partly explains this; but bad example is at least as much to blame. A man of affairs who can dash off letters with great rapidity and without making mistakes in figures or calculations, and who is praised for the same, imagines himself admirably qualified as a writer or speaker, very much as a child who is unchecked in his precocious passion for gab imagines he can hold his own in debate with his grandfather. Editors' waste baskets, manuscripts blotted and stuffed with corrections, erasures, and interlineations, untrained and presumptuous manhoods, and innumerable social miseries which come of want of tact and self-restraint, might teach lessons in these matters could they all be put in their strongest light; but we are too busy as yet in money-making to bring this about, even were the task a safe or popular one to attempt. We may, however, be pardoned for mildly suggesting that fluency is not thought, that volleys of words are not necessarily volleys of ideas, and that, by a law of nature which not even democratic figments can overthrow, he who talks most must almost inevitably think least. Genius can undoubtedly do much, and some people's brains may keep up isochronous action with their tongues; but if they ever do, in this case exceptions prove the rule.

If we could have a few hundred Redjackets to walk about on 'change and other private as well as public places and administer a startling "cha-cha-cha-cha!" to impudent gabblers who approached them—as in the anecdote printed some weeks ago in these columns—it might have a sufficiently good effect to balance other inconveniences. It is not strange when we consider in what an atmosphere of foolish and unpremeditated babble most of our young men live that so many of the best-intentioned among them should get to be frothy, conceited, and presumptuous. The general tendency in a civilized community, and one which is rapidly acquiring wealth, is, of course, to educate the young better than their parents were educated. If, then, to the expectable vanity in superior attainments is superadded the custom of hearing older persons habitually indulge in weak, garrulous, and unsuggestive chatter, the consequence is as natural as it is for the sparks to fly upwards. There probably has never been a nation so peculiarly open to this danger as our own; and consequently there has, perhaps, never been another in which young persons have been so universally conceited and so regularly disrespectful to their elders. A manly confidence, based upon a searching examination of one's powers and a resolute determination to make the most of them, is, of course, very commendable; and we trust there is plenty, also, of this among us. But a ridiculous self-assertion, founded upon contempt for all who surround one, and a consequent depreciation of the value of experience of men, books, or affairs, is a very different and very disgusting thing; and if too many young Americans fall into such destructive and unamiable egotism, we are bound in justice to acknowledge that it is not altogether their own fault. The Spartans made their helots get drunk to teach their children the loathsome effects of intoxication; but the drunkenness of gab is more insidious and its lesson is not felicitously enforced when it is illustrated by the teachers themselves.

There are many varieties of gab, and there is scarce a family but has its victim of it who serves as a chronic *bête noir*. There is, for instance, the unconscious magisterial gab, whose exponent is continually laying down the law on all conceivable subjects without the slightest reference to the probable fact that some individual is present who knows more of any one of them than he possibly can, and who is especially intolerant of interruption or rebuttal. There is political gab, whose apostle will hear nothing against his favorite tenets and who can by no possibility be brought to believe that another may honestly enter-

tain different views from his own. There is paradoxical gab, whose representative thinks it due to his own intellectual dignity flatly to contradict every opinion or statement whatever, no matter how logically sustained, cautiously considered, or modestly offered. There is business gab, whose organ conceives it to be utterly out of the question for any other human creature to conduct any possible affair in a manner which he himself could not improve, and finds it indispensable on every occasion to say so. There is family gab, whose preacher ignores all earthly or heavenly interests as trivial and worthless save those of his own immediate and domestic concern, and with whom the vagaries of a spoiled child are of more moment than the welfare of the entire race beside. There is millinery and household gab, which are often quite as disagreeable and untimely as are the shop gab, cotton gab, and horse gab to which the ladies so feelingly object. Finally, there is editorial gab, indulgence in which causes men to forget the public interest and instruction in ceaseless personal bickerings, explanations, and recrimination. These are, indeed, but a few among the many forms of gab, but the attempt to enumerate them all would of a certainty bring upon us the imputation which, perhaps, we have already fairly incurred. The attempt, too, would probably prove a failure, since it is likely we are all more or less victims of one or more of the forms, and as unconsciousness is an all but unerring symptom we should doubtless leave out our own. The power which, for inscrutable reasons, has denied us the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us has, we repeat, richly endowed our favored nation with that of gab; and it may be prudent to bring its discussion to a close lest we be reminded that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

#### CONGRESS AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A COUPLE of books upon our table suggest the entire destruction which threatens American literary and publishing interests, unless some end can be put to foolish legislation. One of these volumes is *Waverley*, the first of a set of the *Waverley Novels* to be published by an Edinburgh house. The volume is printed in a beautifully clear though small type, upon nice paper; has an illustrated title-page, and is in every way a pleasant edition of these novels. The retail price of this book in England is sixpence; in New York it is sold wholesale at the rate of fifteen cents per copy, retail at, perhaps, twenty-five cents. If made here, it could not be retailed for less than seventy-five cents. The other book is the first volume of an edition of *Shakespeare*—which should be completed in fifteen volumes, or thereabouts, as this one contains three plays—issued by Messrs. Bradbury, Evans & Co., of London. The little book, about the size of one's vest pocket, is exquisite in typography and creamy-tinted paper—as delightful a *Shakespeare* as one need wish to read from. The English retail price of this is a shilling, and its wholesale price here probably about thirty cents, inasmuch as the New York dealers, to whom we elsewhere acknowledge its receipt, can afford to retail it at fifty cents. A cheapness of book-making which to us seems almost incredible is now established in England. Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for instance, publish *Shakespeare* complete, in handsome form, for two shillings and sixpence (62 cents). Mr. Murray, for half-a-crown (rather less than a dollar, with allowance for the premium in gold), publishes, in handsome shape, a complete *Byron*. A Glasgow house sells the complete *Pilgrim's Progress*, 255 32mo pages of it, for twopence; or bound in cloth for fourpence; while to return to *Shakespeare*, a complete edition is printed for a shilling; but its appearance is unpleasant.

It is painfully obvious to anybody who buys a book that in this country prices of this kind are impossible. The consequences are very perceptible. More and more English books are being sold in America. Most of those which bear American imprints are manufactured in England, Scotland, or Canada. Of all the handsome volumes prepared last year for sale during the holidays, aside from a few children's books, the only ones made in this country were Mr. Stephens's illustrations of *Aesop*, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's illustrated *Longfellow*, *Lowell*, and *Whittier*, and Mr. Lossing's *Book of the Hudson*. A more exact comparison between the book-making of the two countries cannot be made than by contrasting the Christmas number of the American and of the English *Publishers' Circular*—in each of which appear advertisements from all respectable publishers in their respective countries—the former containing 40 pages and illustra-

tions from but one book, even that an English one; the latter having 214 pages, one half of them filled with illustrations, of which but four are of American origin, and these very inferior to the English cuts surrounding them. Cambridge, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia all produce printing that will not suffer from comparison with the best work of Scotch and English printers; yet there is every prospect that we shall continue to get our books, as we do our literature, from abroad.

Though, in any case, the lower cost of labor abroad would have ensured cheaper books than we could make, the excessive discrepancy is due to the distribution which Congress, with a wisdom peculiar to itself, has made of the taxes. Having turned a deaf ear to the cry from either side of the water for an international copyright, and thereby done what it may to banish honesty and stimulate piracy among publishers, and to extinguish American authorship utterly—a matter respecting which we have grouped some interesting facts among our *Literaria*—our legislators seem now to have addressed themselves with every prospect of success to destroy the publishers also. We have protested against the delusions of a tariff protective of home industries; but what is to be said of one which protects foreign manufacturers and renders the cost of the American fabric—that, too, one so unsafe to tamper with as literature—inevitably greater than the imported? Entirely unembarrassed, American publishers would have need of all their enterprise to compete successfully with their rivals, with only the cost of importation against the latter; but with the present burdens of taxation, competition is hopeless and honest existence not easy. Few members of Congress—unless that body has declined lower than we are willing to believe—would consider that the amount of dollars and cents lost to the revenue by remitting the present taxes upon the various operations of book-making is worthy of comparison with the advantages of allowing American literature a chance for its life. Few would publicly connive at robbery in any other interest as unprincipled as that carried on in consequence of their inaction in the matter of the copyright. Unfortunately, very few care to devote much trouble to legislation that affords opportunity for neither pecuniary profit nor political capital; and of the honest and perceptive few all, apparently—Mr. Sumner, for instance—are too deeply immersed in partisan squabbles to attempt redressing two crying evils which oppress our national literature.

#### FAST YACHTS AND NEWSPAPERS.

NOTHING succeeds like success; and the press of the whole country has abandoned itself to a delirium of loyal joy over the triumphant issue of the ocean yacht race. The marvellous pluck, energy, audacity, indomitable will, persevering *élan*, and self-sacrificing patriotism which have been exhibited by running three thousand miles before a steady westerly gale in heavily-manned, seaworthy craft of two hundred tons and upwards without starting a tack or a sheet seem quite to have electrified a slow-going community unused to daring and unusual exploits. Your tarry-handed fisherman who has spent weeks and weeks on the "Banks" at mid-winter in a cock-boat a quarter of the size of the *Henrietta*, manned by an eighth of her crew, and utterly deficient in her safeguards or her luxuries, does not, of course, see the thing in the same light that enthusiastic journalists do. He will tell you that at this season heavy winds blow almost invariably and persistently from the westward, and that if there is any danger at all in trying to cross the sea in a staunch schooner well handled, there is less at this season than at any other. Indeed, so far as his experience goes, he will assure you that, once clear of our own coast, the great difficulty at this time of year is not so much to get to the coast of Ireland as to keep yourself from being blown thither whether you will or no. In proof of which, if you will make it worth his while in an humble way, he will venture to put you across the herring pond next December in his little *Maria* or *Sarah Ann*, as the case may be. On reflection, considering the probable nature of commissariat and staterooms, remembering that there would be no \$90,000 at stake, that you might be destitute of advertising facilities, and that even should you succeed you are unlikely to be hailed the Wonder of the world, the Benefactor of your species, or the Guardian angel of Peru, you courteously decline, although your previous ideas may have been not a little modified by the proposition.

But we are not, for all this, to consider the thing in its relation to the current journalistic *furore* too curiously that is to say, we are not to rate the joyous plaudits of the newspapers as being exactly proportioned to the magnitude of the *Henrietta*'s achievement. The truth is, that the occasion has been gladly availed of by the press

to give vent to its hearty appreciation of that Nestor of journalism whose paternal pride and whose patriotism have alike been involved in the issue, and whose long career of virtuous and honorable public service so fairly entitles him to such signal marks of public respect and affection. We would award all credit to young Mr. Bennett. His manliness in going with his yacht, while his opponents were too busy with the stock market or the snuff market to go with theirs, we are the last to deny; and it is a satisfactory climax to an honorable distinction that the winning yacht should be that of the owner who sailed in her. To be sure, we think too much glory has been attached to the whole affair. If it was foolhardy, it should not have been attempted; and if it was not foolhardy, no pre-eminent courage was needed for its accomplishment. On the other hand, there is a certain utility in all things which stimulate national pride; and whether a broken-nosed Irish-American mauls a broken-nosed Englishman at Farnborough, whether a crack-brained Scotch-American makes more people float about in the air than can any spiritual Englishman in the saloons of Belgravia, or whether a Yankee clipper makes better time than any ship sailing out of Liverpool, the same general purpose is attained. To assume that our journalists do not fairly appreciate the exact consequence of these or similar triumphs would be to underrate their intelligence, which we have no idea of doing. The significance of their present gush of jubilation lies, as we have said, in this—they were anxious to tender their respectful homage, to lay the tribute of their admiring praise, at the feet of the distinguished personage who has done so much to elevate the standards of public taste and to ennoble the profession of journalism in this country; and with commendable tact and delicacy they have seized the opportunity afforded by the great ocean yacht race to endorse through an adventurous son the loftier and more comprehensive merits of the father.

It is always a bad sign of a community when a protracted career of virtue and patriotism elicits from the public no signs of reverence and appreciation, and we rejoice that in this instance no such imputation may fairly be advanced. Possibly a better *deus ex machina* might have been devised to draw forth the tokens of general respect, but this point need not be insisted upon. Fortune honestly and worthily gained may as well be spent on swift yachts as on anything else, and the appropriate tar-barrels of Washington Heights bespeak a social recognition of the fact which is not to be disregarded. Additional laurels are shortly to be gained, and additional pyrotechnics, ocean telegrams, and journalistic laudations may confidently be looked for. The Duke of Edinburgh is to race his yacht, the *Viking*, against the *Henrietta*. We should think this would be a contest after Mr. Bennett's own heart. The ancient affection between Glasgow and Edinburgh should combine with the affinities of royalty and democracy, so as to make the struggle very piquant and interesting indeed. The *Viking* is named after those Norse sea-rovers of old who were wont to scour the waves, levying tribute on the weaker and softer races of the south; but if the *Viking* looks to exact any black-mail from the *Henrietta*, we imagine she will be as much mistaken as was the *Alabama* on that last eventful morning when she sailed out of the harbor of Cherbourg.

#### A CURE FOR SCEPTICISM.

THERE is very much said nowadays in a petulant and unprofitable way, by some whose religious zeal cannot be doubted, about the rationalistic tendencies of the age. Admitting sorrowfully, as we do, that there is a good deal of cause for complaint on this score, we think there is a remedy for the difficulty, at least in a certain class of minds that betray unmistakable signs of a sceptical taint. This may be found in a more direct, practical, and comprehensive presentation of the gospel than these persons have been accustomed to enjoy. Pious scolding about the beliefs or non-beliefs of men is in no sense useful. Assailing an error with the most opprobrious names, or its adherents with the most merciless vituperation, will never serve the cause of truth. Nothing substantial can be gained in the interests of Christianity by any methods inconsistent with the charitable spirit of the gospel. Serious enquirers—and these are subjects of the most hopeful concern—will not be bullied into orthodox belief nor converted from their theological mistakes by the most doleful lamentations. They should be treated, especially by those who have the care of souls, with a tender, wise, and forbearing appreciation of their spiritual difficulties. Only those who professed a righteousness which their characters belied, and who in their selfish lusts trampled all that was sacred under their feet, received our Lord's decisive and unequivocal reprobation. Cold, heartless formalists—prec'se, smooth-

mouthing, plausible hypocrites—these were stripped of their masks and stigmatized as they richly deserved. Souls earnestly seeking the light had the great Teacher's pitying and merciful sympathy and concern.

Now, we believe that there is quite a large class of sincere and well-meaning persons in the country whose scepticism is by no means voluntary or agreeable to them, but grows out of ignorance and intellectual misapprehensions. The essential features of Christianity have never been presented to them. They have been accustomed to reflect upon some of the isolated facts of revelation, or their minds have been diverted from its inspiring benevolence by bitter disputes about particular dogmas. In what they have casually heard from expositions of the gospel they may have been treated to half truths, or something non-essential may have been greatly exaggerated at the expense of vital principles. Their truest instincts may have been ignored and set at naught, their sense of justice and the fitness of things outraged. From unfortunate associations or imperfect education they may be habituated to dwell upon the contradictions and inconsistencies which they *think* they observe in the Scriptures and the Christian Church. In short, by some means, things in the spiritual world which are most practical and important are, in their view, obscure, distorted, unavailable. They mistake the profound significance of the kingdom of Christ.

One cure for scepticism born and nourished in this way, we maintain, is in an affectionate and profound application of the gospel by teachers of large and delicate sympathies, who thoroughly appreciate the nature and workings of human experience and the infinite blessedness of the truth itself. Let honest and candid men be taught to see how exactly the gospel meets their individual case in this earthly scene of confusion and trial; how entirely their spiritual wants, so manifold and clamorous, are anticipated and supplied by its rich provisions; how the interests which they confess to themselves are supreme are considered in its gracious intentions; let the vital, inspiring, ravishing meaning of the Cross of Christ, divested of the ceremonials of theological conceits and sectarian prejudices, be brought to them, and there would be fewer examples than we note now of religious natures parched and weary in the desert and darkness of their unbelief.

The fact is, we do not need barren dogmatic discourses and philosophical discussions in the pulpit, but a disclosure of the spirit and power of the gospel as a grand practical reality. It would be quite as well for the clergy to let Strauss and Renan and all such characters alone, and go directly to the delineation and enforcement of the soul-satisfying virtues of the divine kingdom. It is the disclosure of a salvation that has a present power as well as a future reward; that illustrates a present kingdom of righteousness; that comprehends the whole of man's nature in its healing and consolations; that gives him the knowledge of an endless life amid the discords and evil of things here, that is so profoundly needed by all, and which would be so effectual to convince those who now stand doubting without the Christian fold while they wish to believe. Give us the marrow of the gospel, and on all sides hearts shall receive its message with joy. There are affections in man which no sceptical considerations can satisfy. He has aspirations which can only have fulfilment in the knowledge of an infinite Redeemer. He is conscious of infirmities which can only be cured by the reinforcements of a supernatural grace. He has an experience of life whose meaning is utterly unsatisfactory without the revelation that has been given, but which so many have helped to conceal from longing eyes. In too many cases religious teachers do not well comprehend the natures with which they deal nor the wonderful resources at their command. They dwell too exclusively on the future in their ministrations. They present human conceits and theological abstractions instead of the life of the Divine Son. They shroud themselves in metaphysical fogs and involve themselves in polemical disputes. They appeal largely to the fears, the selfishness, the prejudices, the lower faculties of their hearers. There is a sad lack of closeness of application of the utter benignity of the gospel, which comes with its gracious gifts to the individual heart, however bewildered, ignorant, tempted, and forsaken. The man is not made to recognize the good news of God as personal to himself. We ask no concessions to a worldly spirit. We would have no jot of the divine severity with sin abated. We suggest no removal of the ancient landmarks of Christianity. But we do ask the clergy to tell us in plain English, such as earnest men use in their most serious dealings with each other, the message of the gospel. We wish them to bring that message, in its directness, its tenderness, its force, its comprehensiveness, its life-giving simplicity, to the heart in its troubles, sorrows, and aspi-

rations. We demand of them an appreciation of all earnest human experience, a sympathy that can penetrate the deepest abysses of the soul, a generous self-abnegation in the rapt delight of the Cross, and a capacity to acknowledge and applaud the good that is not peculiar to their own denomination or style of endeavor. We adjure them to cease appealing to the ignorance and superstitious spirit and material views of men; to drop their sneers at science; to show their living and abiding faith by working on for the highest welfare of humanity, in the belief that all knowledge—all achievements in mechanics, art, philosophy—shall be made, if they do their duty, to subserve the interests of Christ's kingdom and the honor of his name. Eliminate from Christianity the incongruous elements that the folly of man has introduced into it, draw aside the veil from the brightness of its glory, let its divine voice have clear utterance, illustrate its transcendent utility in lives that are redolent of its spirit, and the better class of doubters shall be convinced of its divine origin and inestimable value.

#### OTHELLO AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

NEW YORK, although the national metropolis, is, perhaps, the least national city in the country—a fact which we need not look far behind or far around us to illustrate or to prove. An instance has lately been presented which is amusingly in point, since it could hardly have been tolerated in any other great city of the world. We allude to the performance of *Othello* at the Winter Garden, in which the part of the Moor was represented by a German, or, more precisely, by a Pole speaking German; Iago, by an American citizen of English birth; Desdemona, by a German lady who spoke English in some scenes and her vernacular in others; Cassio, by a German gentleman, who spoke broken English; and the cast including, we believe—we fortunately did not see the play—other suitable incongruities and anomalies. The success of the performance was such as to induce its repetition; and we have not the least doubt that were each of the actors to change their language in every scene, or to deliver every alternate speech on their heads, the effect would be equally prosperous and captivating. For ourselves, we should expect the intellectual effect of such a treat would be analogous to the physical one which might be expected from sipping off cocoanuts, fried oysters, and Welsh rarebits, washed down by, let us say, half a gallon of strong milk punch. But "many men have many minds," especially when they speak many languages.

It has sometimes happened elsewhere that the remarkable ability of a particular artist has led an audience to endure his non-acquaintance or imperfect acquaintance with its own language as spoken by the rest of the performers. Such was the case with Madame Celeste, both in England and America. Years of practice failed to modify her strong French accent. She spoke, indeed, *very* broken English, and was sometimes quite unintelligible. Yet the Adelphi audiences liked her acting none the worse, and in truth they probably liked the actress the better for it. It was indissolubly associated in their memory with her exquisite pantomime and strongly imaginative characterization, so that in time had she suddenly conquered her imperfect speech her audience would have been dissatisfied and have thought her no longer Celeste. This, perhaps, had something to do with the circumstance that she never *has* conquered it. A stronger illustration is that of Ira Aldridge, the negro tragedian, who acts in English, although, we believe, he can also speak German. In Russia, where he is a great favorite, his supporters frequently use their native tongue, and the actor seems to have found his exclusive reliance on English no bar to his success in any European country. But there is something very different between cases like this and aggravated enormities such as that of the Winter Garden. It has been said that there was no alternative; Mr. Dawson must appear under precisely these circumstances or not at all. The explanation is probably untenable, since it would certainly have been easy for Mr. Dawson to have spoken his own tongue and for all his supporters to have adhered to simple English. The better arrangement still was for Mr. Dawson—who is really a consummately fine artist—to have been surrounded exclusively by Germans, and not to allow himself to be made the central figure of an inharmonious picture at all.

The Winter Garden *Othello* either went too far or not far enough. Since it was determined to make a mess of the tragedy, the better course would have been to out-Herod Herod and make a thorough dramatic *olla podrida* at once. The Duke should have been played by an Italian, or, better still, by a German speaking broken Italian, and Mr. Maretzki would no doubt have gladly volunteered for the occasion. Brabantio might well have been a

full-brogued Milesian, and there is quite a choice among our city fathers for the rôle. Roderigo ought decidedly to have been acted by a Parisian, and the *jeune premier* of the late French opera troupe would have fitted it to a nicely, his sense of humor being so singularly in advance of his sentiment. Cassio should have been undertaken by Chang-hi, of the stupendous American Tea Company, since his passion for the cup that cheers but not inebriates would have ensured his not over-acting the part. Desdemona might have been played in Tuscan, and Madame Ristori could have spared a very charming young lady for the occasion. Emilia, on the score of her abusive apostrophes, would have come in very tellingly in Low Dutch, and an incumbent could have been found within a block or two. As for the minor characters, they might have been effectively filled up in Portuguese and Kanaka, there being ships in port to supply the material; and, in compliment alike to the Moor and the Massachusetts legislature, the Venetian Senate might consist alternately of whites and blacks, thus carrying out the variety into the smallest details. If, by way of conclusion, Mr. Manager Stuart could favor his audience with a recitation, say, of Shakespeare's *Seven Ages*, pronouncing the history of each of poor frail man's mutations in a different language, the end would crown the work and establish his fame as an altogether unique caterer for a capricious if not altogether depraved public appetite.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, December 22, 1866.

No part of Secretary McCulloch's report on the condition of United States finances has given so much satisfaction to our aristocratic journals as that in which he attributes terrible national mischief to the high price of labor. There happens to be just now a great outcry in this country on this subject. There has always been a dread among our ruling classes lest some day or other wages should rise to a point which would prove injurious to our vast foreign trade. In old times, and indeed, down to little more than half a century ago, there was scarcely an important branch of industry among us in which the remuneration for labor was not limited by positive enactment. From the clothiers and iron-workers down to the rope-spinners and brass-button makers, our aristocratic legislature had fixed a price beyond which the earnings of workmen were forever forbidden to rise. Not only was it made penal for the men to demand, or even accept, anything beyond this legal maximum, but employers were also forbidden under heavy penalties to give more, the very objects of their bounty being empowered to inform against them. Such was one of the effects of class legislation. Sounder notions of political economy and the growth of popular power have put an end to these wicked laws; but there is abundant proof in our newspapers of the present day that the spirit which gave rise to them still exists. In the language of the scientific economists, the value of productions is made up of interest, labor, and wages of superintendence, or, in other words, the remuneration of the master's labor and skill. Of course, any one of these three items may be reduced at the expense of the other; but if there is to be any reduction it never enters the head of a writer in *The Times* or *The Saturday Review* or *The Pall Mall Gazette* that it can take place in any other than the workman's earnings. For low rates of interest England cannot be beaten. We have exceptional rises now and then, but the price of our funds, which is a steady and permanent thing, shows that the average rate here—the rate which is sufficient to encourage accumulation—is about 3½ per cent. At this rate British savings supply capital for domestic industry, notwithstanding the great amount of foreign investment. High interest, therefore, is not one of our disadvantages, so that the evil, if evil there be, must be between the masters and the men. Of course, the masters' remuneration may fall just as the men's may fall; indeed, in the progress of civilization, the sort of skill necessary to conduct industrial operations may be expected to become every year more common and, therefore, cheaper. But, as I have said, no journal of any weight or authority among us ever hints at the possibility of a fall of profits being patiently submitted to. *The Times* is fond of threatening the men with a general emigration of capitalists. One of our comic journals this week appears, I see, with a large picture representing an insolent work-

man and a steam vessel in the distance bearing the name "Capital" on her paddle-boxes, which is evidently just on the point of weighing anchor for some happy shore where human beings are cheap and profits high. All this is silly enough. While the prophets of evil are quoting instances to show how England is being beaten by the foreigners both in her own and in foreign markets, our Board of Trade returns show an enormous increase in our exports from year to year, until they have actually risen since 1842 more than seven-fold. So much for the notion that capital, disgusted with high wages, is flying from our shores. As to the notion that the foreigner is beating us in our own market, and that it is becoming more and more the practice for Englishmen to purchase abroad, these learned writers who lecture our workmen in political economy forget that goods imported can only be paid for by goods exported, so that there must be just as much employment for native labor whether we buy abroad or not.

I hope that Mr. McCulloch's complaints of the ill effects of high wages in America have not better foundation than those of his English sympathizers. The decline in your foreign commerce undoubtedly gives a plausibility to his arguments which is wanting to the croakers on this side. But the reasons of that decline must be sought not in high prices but in the intensely protective, and in some cases absolutely prohibitory, character of your tariff. Nations which resolutely set to work to discourage imports cannot expect to be large exporters. Suppose, for example, that all imports were prohibited, it is evident that your foreign commerce must be at end; for how is the foreigner to pay for his purchases if you will take nothing in exchange? As to your high prices, both of labor and commodities, Secretary McCulloch seems to forget that they are paper prices, and therefore in great degree only nominally high. If you build ships at home you will, it is true, pay high in greenbacks; but so you must if you purchase them from Canada or Great Britain. The rate of exchange, in fact, so far as domestic high prices depended on the depreciated paper, would just restore the balance. All this has no reference to the merits of Mr. McCulloch's scheme for restoring specie payments. It must be evident to all practical men among you that he exaggerates the inconveniences of paper money. Those inconveniences lie not so much in the depreciation itself as in the fluctuations to which an inconvertible currency is liable, and of which the price of gold is the best indication. If the relative values of gold and paper could be maintained for ever at a fixed point, there can be no doubt that to keep things as they are would on the whole entail fewer evils than any change that could be proposed. As it is, it is undoubtedly desirable to return to specie payments, but much embarrassment and much injustice will inevitably ensue in the course of contracting your enormous circulation until gold shall fall from 137 to par. So far but no further the views of *The New York Herald* are just. It is impossible not to sympathize with Mr. McCulloch in his anxiety for the honor of the government and in the high moral tone which pervades his report; but the weak point of his scheme is that it does not appear to look in the face the positive evils which, whatever may be its ultimate effects, must be attendant upon the change itself. But enough on this dry subject.

An odd custom has lately sprung up among us which may be called the custom of literary sponsorship. Literary names of any note have begun to acquire a value quite apart from mere literary labor. We all now edit one another, select from one another's works, and write prefaces for one another. The custom is, indeed, only an old one new revived. Thirty or forty years ago no English reprint of an American novel was regarded as complete for our market until some English literary name was appended to it. Thus, we had *Nick of the Woods* advertised by Mr. Colburn or Mr. Bentley as a "new romance edited by the author of *Rookwood*." The late G. P. R. James was at one time a sort of universal sponsor of this kind. One of these works was widely advertised as follows: "New work edited by G. P. R. James, Esq. In 2 vols., with portraits. *Memoirs of Celebrated Women*. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of *Darnley*, *Philip Augustus*, etc." The object, of course, was to create a vague impression that the editor had somehow an important hand in the work; and for this he no doubt received a substantial reward; but any careless reviewer who happened not to observe the word "edited" printed in small letters, inevitably received an indignant letter from the "editor." "Sir," wrote Mr. James on one such occasion (I am quoting an actual letter), "I cannot help feeling both surprised and indignant at a review contained in your journal of the 24th of June, which, owing to my absence from my usual residence, only met my eye to-day. In the face of every advertise-

ment, in the face of the title-page, in the face of the preface which precedes it, you are pleased to attribute a work to me, both in the heading of your notice and your notice itself, while with not one thought or opinion, assertion or idea, that the book contains, have I anything to do." This fashion declined after some vigorous exposures in the reviews of the dishonesty of the system; and its revival, which we have lately noticed, may at least be said to be in a milder form. We have had issued this week a volume entitled *The Serious Poems of Thomas Hood*, edited by Samuel Lucas, with a preface by T. Hood the younger. Here we have two separate and distinct editors—Mr. Hood the younger, who contributes a very short preface, and Mr. Samuel Lucas, who contributes absolutely nothing at all. It is literally a fact that not one single note or word of introduction, or word, indeed, of any kind, does Mr. Lucas contribute from beginning to end of the volume; while neither his editorial care nor that of the poet's son has been able to keep out of the volume poems of so disgraceful a character that it is impossible to believe that they were really from the pen of the author of *Eugene Aram* and *The Song of the Shirt*. As the publishers will probably have sent some copies to America, you may be able to test this assertion by reading for yourself (it would be an outrage on your readers to quote it) the poem entitled *Song for the Nineteenth*, at page 48 of the volume. Where Mr. Lucas, if he really took any part in the matter, found this poem attributed to Hood I do not know. Mr. Lucas, by the way, is, or was when he undertook his shadowy editorship, the literary critic of *The Times* newspaper.

The publishers of this volume are Messrs. Moxon & Co. (the "Co." representing Mr. Bertrand Payne), apropos of whom I am able to relate some anecdotes illustrative of the "amenities of literature," and of the relations between publishers and poets in this country. Messrs. Moxon were, as everybody knows, the original publishers of Mr. Swinburne's unlucky volume. I see that in your review of this volume you speak of "Moxon, one of the most respectable of the London publishers," having "brought out a volume of poems, called *Laus Veneris*, written by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne." This is not strictly correct. When Moxons published them they bore only the modest title of *Poems and Ballads*. It is to Carleton's enterprise that you are indebted for that title, adopted from the name of one of the pieces, so that, if "prudent prudes" are driven to the device of asking booksellers for "something about venerable," Carleton, and not Moxon, is to blame. For Moxons are, as you say, a very respectable house. They have lately enticed the poet Tupper (and if that is not a respectable name, I should like to know whose is) from the shelves of Hatchard & Co. (a house itself of almost oppressive respectability), and induced him to enrol himself in their catalogue of poets, where they advertise his five hundred and fiftieth edition (if I remember rightly) as "illustrated by Gustave Doré" on the faith of one small and rather paltry picture by that indefatigable Frenchman. With such a poet on their counter in Dover Street, it will surprise few persons that they got rid of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* as soon as the outcry of the critics began. "No, sir, we do not deal in filth," said a member of the firm to one who enquired at an early stage in this business as to whether they "intended to publish for Swinburne again." Happily this sacrifice entailed no pecuniary loss, Messrs. Moxon being only agents for the poet, at a slight commission. Accounts were accordingly rendered of the number of copies printed and sold, and the remainder were handed over to the poet. Since then Messrs. Moxon

"Never mention him,  
His name is never heard."

Meanwhile postmen bring letters and packets to Dover Street, both from American and European critics and admirers. One day Mr. Grant White, another day, if I remember rightly, Mr. Bayard Taylor, send books or critical articles, all of which are returned to the dead letter office with the endorsement "name not known at the address given." Surely the most censorious will admit that the Messrs. Moxon so far show their desire to make amends for their original sin of introducing to the world *Laus Veneris* and *Other Poems*. And so they would but for the curious fact that notwithstanding all these circumstances Swinburne's poems and ballads, by some mysterious means, are still on sale at Messrs. Moxon's shop. Enquirers are assured (in a whisper, it is true) that copies may still be had "if they are willing to pay a guinea," and on payment of that sum one is duly handed over, bearing Moxon's name upon the title-page; for although the new edition published at nine shillings is absolutely identical, being the very sheets handed over to the poet, there is a notion abroad that Moxon's is the only "unexpurgated edition," and this belief, though

quite erroneous, is it appears more than sufficient to double the price. All this is so odd a commentary upon the fastidious delicacy of Moxon & Co., and it approaches, perhaps, so near to the confines of the libellous, that I feel bound to assure my readers that I know it not merely of my own knowledge, but by the testimony of respectable witnesses whose names are well known on your side. In fact, one of the purchasers of Swinburne at Messrs. Moxon's "for one guinea" is Mr. Lorimer Graham, Jr., of your city; and, that there may be no mistake, I may mention that in company with him at the time was Mr. W. H. Huntington, of *The New York Tribune*, who, as well as Mr. Graham, is perfectly ready, if necessary, to bear testimony to these facts, which may, perhaps, have some interest for a future compiler and continuator of Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*.

We have to-day an announcement of a new literary journal here, to be entitled *The Pen*, and published weekly at the price of three half-pence. It would seem that nothing is more difficult than to establish a journal of this kind. We may judge so, at least, from the number of failures. Nor does it seem possible by any lowness of price to secure a very large circulation for such a paper. It is notorious that the sale of *The Athenaeum*, the only really well-established paper of literary criticism among us, was not much increased by the reduction of price consequent on the repeal of the paper duty. *The Athenaeum* is now sold at three-pence, and for quantity of matter at that price it could not be beaten. Its sale is generally estimated at from twelve to fourteen thousand. The sale of *The Saturday Review*, which is, as you know, principally a political review, is now about 20,000, but its price is sixpence. The old *Literary Gazette*, once our leading literary paper, gradually declined in the face of the able rivalry of *The Athenaeum*, under the editorship of its proprietor and founder, the late Mr. Dilke, whose successful labors left to his successors, Mr. T. K. Hervey, the poet, and subsequently Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the present editor, a comparatively easy task. *The Literary Gazette* died a few years ago, after many changes of editorship. Besides this, we had *The Critic*, existing for some ten or twelve years, and conducted with considerable though unequal power by the late Mr. James Lowe. We had also *The Literary Times*, a penny journal, and *The Mirror*, a six-penny journal, which had each but a brief existence. *The Reader*, believed to have been originally projected by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., has had a longer career; its price is three-pence and its contents are chiefly reviews, omitting "leading articles." The great difficulty is to obtain publishers' advertisements, without which a literary paper cannot hope for success. Independent criticism, except in a well-established journal, is certain to be resented by the withdrawal of advertisements; while, on the other hand, subserviency to publishers must inevitably bring the paper into contempt with its readers. Whether *The Pen* is destined to fall between these two stools I do not know, but its editors and proprietors may certainly prepare themselves for an up-hill fight.

Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## WAS SHAKESPEARE SHAKESPEARE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: If Shakespeare, in his monumental epitaph, which tradition attributes to his own pen, launches a curse against the man who moves his bones—

"Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones!"—

what thunders of malediction would he launch on the rash hands that would pluck his laurels from his brow and give his honors to another! One might almost expect his indignant spirit to

"Peep through the blanket of the dark,  
And cry, Hold, hold!"

to those rude detractors of his renown, those desecrators of his memory, who would destroy "the immortal part of him."

The position attempted to be set up, that the real author of the plays that bear Shakespeare's name was Francis Lord Bacon, the great luminary of his age—

"The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind"—

may, I think, be at once disposed of by contemporary evidence, and especially by that of Shakespeare's fellow-poet and survivor, Ben Jonson. This learned and classical dramatist, who was at one time considered the rival (*longo intervallo*) of Shakespeare, in the lines which he addressed to the memory of his "beloved William Shakespeare," calls him the

"Soul of the age,

"The applause, delight, the wonder of the stage!"

and heaps upon the tomb of the departed poet the highest eulogiums that the warmest admiration could dictate.

Now, let it be remembered that Ben Jonson at one time had disputed the possession of the dramatic throne with Shakespeare; but that he lived to see his learned and ponderous tragedies set aside in favor of the unlettered poet's more living and truthful creations; and can it be believed that if at that time there had been the

slightest doubt suggested that Shakespeare was the author, or was unequal to the authorship of the plays that bore his name—or if there had been room for the shadow of such a suspicion—that neither Ben Jonson, his rival, nor any of the other dramatists of the day, nor any of the envious crowd of poetasters, players, and others that Shakespeare's fame raised up, would have taken advantage of this fatal opening in the dazzling armor of him whose brightness eclipsed them all?

Yet so far from such a suggestion being put forth by Ben Jonson, he emphatically says, in the lines above referred to, that Shakespeare's works are the exact counterpart of the man himself and of his mind, as true as the likeness of a son's features to his father's:

"Look, how the father's face  
Lives in his issue; even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well-turned and true-flled lines."

Thus bearing testimony that Shakespeare's works were the natural issue of the man; just such as might be expected from his mind and manners, and so peculiarly free from all mark of the touch of another hand.

Now, in the face of this strong testimony of a brother poet and a rival, nothing but the most positive proof—not mere plausible possibilities or even probabilities—that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare (for it is his works that are the man) can shake our faith in him whom our hearts have so long acknowledged and revered as the great interpreter of humanity, the master-poet of the world.

I will merely add what the great critic Coleridge writes of Shakespeare's pre-eminence above all his competitors, and how fully it was acknowledged by his contemporaries:

"Clothed in radiant armor, and authorized by titles sure and manifold as a poet, Shakespeare came forward to demand the throne of fame, as the dramatic poet of England. His excellencies compelled even his contemporaries to seat him on that throne, although *there were giants in those days contending for the same honor*."

Thus Coleridge; and shall *pigmies* now rise up to trip his heels and to pluck him from the throne, to blaspheme his fame and give his honors to another?

For myself, I say the absurdity of the hypothesis that Lord Bacon was the author of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, etc., is only equalled by its irreverence, for it would brand Shakespeare as an impostor! You might just as well maintain that Lord Brougham was the author of the *Waverley Novels*; and when I hear of any one attempting to supersede the name of Shakespeare by that of BACON, I say at once—GAMMON!\*

Yours, etc.,  
GEO. VANDENHOFF.

ELIZABETH, N. J., January 4, 1867.

## "THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your paper of the 15th ult. I observed a very interesting article on the subject of the new bishops in the Episcopal Church. Apart from all purely religious ideas, it is true that the subject has a social interest, and well would it be for the nation if the course of all public bodies were closely watched with reference to the class of men accredited by them, and so invested with high claims on the public confidence. Besides, it is true that the clergy in any country have much to do with the standard of social ideas, with civilization and with progress, to advance or to retard. "Like people, like priest; like priest, like people."

I have no reason to complain of your article, for several of my personal friends are therein mentioned in a way gratifying to my own feelings. But the critique, on the whole, does *unintentional* injustice to individuals and to the Church. Let me show where and how.

It justly fixes on several great names as representatives or types of character fit for their exalted positions: 1, Bishop White and Griswold. 2, Bishops Hobart and Wainwright. 3, Bishop Philander Chase.

1, The first type is that of characters selected for the Episcopate by virtue of those well-balanced minds and well-harmonized attainments which always command and retain a hold on the esteem and regard of mankind.

2, The second type it that of truly brilliant men of striking characteristics, and qualified by nature to be leaders.

3, The third type is that of energy, enterprise, and missionary zeal, created for the work of moulding new communities and laying deep and broad foundations.

Now, the Episcopal Church is a "power in the land," and is daily becoming more and more such, just because her bishops have been selected not from characters of one class, but, with great tact and forecast, from these three varieties, each according to his allotted place and task. I do not affirm that there are none in the House of Bishops who have been ill-chosen; but I ask any thoughtful man to survey the entire list, and to observe how easy it is to decide why such a man is in such a place, almost in every instance. Certaintly it is that a body of men superior to the House of Bishops never assembled in this country. Some of its truly great members have, indeed, been lately called away—Burgess, Potter, Delancey, El-Hott, and others—but where, in this country, are to be found men more complete in their way than Whittingham, the profoundly learned and vigorous bishop of Maryland; Hopkins, the eccentric but most gifted bishop of Vermont; Eastburn, the well-read and ornate bishop of Massachusetts; Williams, the thoroughly furnished divine and elegant belles-lettres scholar, bishop of Connecticut; Clark, the popular pulpit-orator, bishop of Rhode Island; Whitehouse, the accomplished bishop of Illinois; Atkinson, the clear-headed, strong man of the South, bishop of North Carolina; Lay, the sparkling and fervent missionary, bishop of Arkansas; Johns, the eloquent bishop of Virginia; and others not mentioned in your article, but truly worthy of honor and reverence? I submit these remarks, conceived in the spirit of liberal

criticism, and of *non-partisan* justice, to men of whom a distinguished foreigner lately remarked: "They would do credit to the Episcopate of any age and of any nation in Christendom."

E. L.

## LITERARY FUND ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In sorting some papers recently, I turned up a slip cut from *New York Journal* of April 23, 1864, containing what purports to be the official text of an act passed by both houses of the Legislature of this state, in March, 1864, incorporating what is therein styled "The American Literary Fund Association." Permit me to briefly outline its provisions:

By the first section T. B. Aldrich, C. F. Briggs, Jas. Brooks, Geo. Bancroft, Wm. C. Bryant, John Brougham, W. Allen Butler, C. Astor Bristed, Gaylord Clark, Geo. Wm. Curtis, H. Clapp, Jun., Chas. A. Dana, Evert. A. Duyckinck, J. Du Solle, S. R. Fisk, H. Greeley, Chas. Gayler, Parke Godwin, A. H. Gurnsey, S. H. Gay, Wm. H. Hurlburt, Fredk. Hudson, Richd. B. Kimball, Benson J. Lossing, Manton Marble, H. Morford, F. Moore, Cornelius Matthews, J. F. Otis, Wm. C. Prime, Jas. Parton, H. J. Raymond, Geo. Ripley, Ed. C. Stedman, Richd. H. Stoddard, John Savage, Thurlow Weed, Wm. Winter, Geo. Wilkes, N. P. Willis, W. Young, and more than seventy others, lawyers, financiers, merchants, politicians, and public officials of literary leanings, a few publishers, and such unprofessional but esteemed savans and littérateurs as Judge Chas. P. Daly, the late Dr. J. W. Cumming, Jas. T. Brady, A. Oakey Hall, Wm. Stuart, David T. Valentine, etc., are constituted a body corporate with the above designation for the purpose of raising, by means of subscriptions, donations, and bequests, a fund for the support of professional authors, editors, and writers for the press who, by sickness or accident, are incapacitated from pursuing their labors; also for the decent interment of such persons deceased, and for the support of their widows and orphans.

The second section provides for the acquiring, holding, and transferring of real and personal property to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The third section embraces by-laws, rules, and the election and functions of officers of the association, which are indicated by

Section four, as a president, two vice presidents, seven trustees, fifteen directors, a treasurer, a secretary, and such others as may be deemed necessary.

It is also provided that said officers be annually chosen by a plurality of voters on the second Monday of May; but failing to hold such election, it shall be lawful to hold an election on any other day, due notice having been given to the members of said association, and there being present five directors.

If this corporation ever existed, what has become of it? Although one of the announced corporators, I never received notice of meeting, or of any steps, preliminary or otherwise, in furtherance of the purpose indicated. Neither have I heard indirectly anything warranting the supposition that legislative action was followed up by any united effort. Probably some of the gentlemen named could throw light on this very interesting subject.

It seems to me peculiarly fitting at this season—so suggestive of amity, unity, and the interposition of the most elevated and fraternal feelings—to direct attention to this eminently useful and meritorious project.

It is needless to dwell on the resources or exigencies of men of letters. No plea need be made for them incompatible with the dignity of the profession. They are, to say the least, subject to the same casualties which suggest to other professions the establishment of institutions of similar import to that indicated. The stage and the studio have provided against the ills to which flesh is heir; and there is no reason why the authors and journalists should not make similar provision. The *dramatis personae* freely and publicly give their services to advance the respectability of their profession. The artists contribute works to an annual exhibition and sale, the proceeds of which are devoted to a like worthy object; and the Literary Fund Association, once formed, could issue, as an equally appropriate means of support, a *Literary Fund Annual*, embracing contributions from the ablest writers in every walk of American literature, who would no doubt identify themselves with so laudable an undertaking. The ability and variety of such a work would soon make it fashionable and popular, and its publication becoming an event of the holiday season, would arouse the interest of our intelligent community and produce good results. The subject might be enlarged upon; but first let us have a Literary Fund Association.

Yours,

JOHN SAVAGE.

FORDHAM, CHRISTMAS EVE, 1866.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

## A PIETIST POET.\*

AS a preacher and hymn-maker, Charles Wesley was doubtless appreciated in his own day and among his own people; but as a phenomenon in English literature he has never been duly considered. We say phenomenon advisedly, for there was something in the man and his works that was *sui generis*, and that of no common sort. For general classification we can rank him with nobody better or worse than Tom Moore, though the two turned

\* Charles Wesley Seen in his Finer and Less Familiar Poems. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

their talents to utterly different ends. They were the most fluent, fertile, and elegant of our versifiers—the one in secular, the other in sacred poetry. The distinctive lyrics of Moore may count up something over 30,000 lines; those of Wesley (to say nothing of his unpublished manuscripts) reach at least 100,000. Nor would it be just to suppose that the bulk of this is trash; a fraction of the mass (perhaps one-fifth) has for three-quarters of a century kept one large division of English-speaking Christendom in hymns which, whatever their theologic peculiarities, are at once the most gracefully turned and the most impassioned which any of the books can show; while not a few of them possess sufficient catholicity of spirit and excellence of idea and diction to have received the approving stamp of universal usage. Beyond this, their author has done many fine things of which the world knows nothing.

No impartial and exhaustive estimate of Charles Wesley's poetic merits has ever been attempted. Space and circumstance forbid more than the slightest suggestions towards such an estimate here. Could we rationally conceive the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard to be born without his spots, it might be worth while to speculate what happier fortunes and higher fame might have attended this poet had his muse been less exclusively hymnic and Methodist. But he was a religionist by nature; his cares and business before his "conversion" dealt with the same matters that made his life afterwards, only apprehending them in another fashion. It was in him, doubtless, to be what he was and no other; he partly found, and more largely framed, that system of faith and practice which his own nature was fitted for and required. He can, therefore, help any of us only in so far either as our views and habits accord with his, or as there were in him, spite of and beyond his system, such essentials of humanity as enabled him to give those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. It is now no mark that men are often better and larger than their creeds; as man and poet, not as Methodist, he interests the world, and as such those who are not Methodists are concerned to know him and make him known.

And his character as poet was largely the resultant of his character as man. A nature sensitive and imaginative, to which enthusiasm was a necessity; an intellect not profound or comprehensive, but strong and clear when not obscured by stronger prejudice, or unbalanced by mastering emotion or officious fancy; a spirit generous and aspiring, but ready to be raised to ecstasy or sunk in despair by the slightest motion alike of real or fictitious good or ill; these, with an unequalled power of fit and full expression, made up his natural furnishing. Externals, but not accidents, and points impossible to overlook in studying either his life or his poetry, are found in his asceticism and his spiritual ambition. He early learned to despise the world, reckoning, with true mystic inconsistency, its good fallacious, but its evils real. He was for ever singing—

Empty all our bliss below,  
Seeming bliss, but real woe;

refusing to recognize a parity of reasoning and reality, or to hear the plain but puzzling question, "If the bliss be empty, how comes the woe solid?" In this, however, he was rather theoretic than practical. A man of large and warm nature may moralize as he pleases, but cannot easily persuade himself to be more or less than man; and Wesley never stifled a human feeling or denied a human tie for his multiplied and earnest acknowledgments that all was vanity.

The gloom which this view cast over life was cheered by the prospect of a good, enduring and unearthly, yet attainable on earth. This *summum bonum* was perfection; a thing, we need hardly say, rather of emotions than of character, rather ideal than practical, rather theologic than ethical. Yet he believed in it devoutly, pressed forward toward it vigorously, and sung about it incessantly. Indeed it sometimes appears nothing better than the ox-cart to which his Pegasus is yoked. The impatient reader is scarcely helped toward perfection by the heavy persistence with which Wesley, in his original volumes, makes his favorite doctrine seem by turns the dream of an enthusiast and the dogma of a sectarian.

To all this must be added, for explicitness' sake, a quality which is implied in all that we have said, and whose existence here none ever doubted: sincere and ardent, if eccentric and one-sided, piety.

We have thus the mental structure and condition of the man; what he was by nature, by education, by choice and habit. It is no hard matter hence to deduce the tone and attributes of his poetry. It would naturally be fluent, harmonious, abundant, genuine, and strongly personal, tinged with all its author's idiosyncrasies, bearing on every line "Charles Wesley, his mark." It would be warm, vivid, often extravagant, seldom or never

mechanical. It would deal with abstract subjective matters, with frames, feelings, mental and emotional moods and processes, admitting the externals of nature, fortune, circumstance only in their effects upon the inward man. It would, apart from its technical and devotional uses, and from the mere prettiness and harmony of the verses, be valuable psychologically as a contribution to the study of human nature in general, and especially as illustrated by one in whom, however he might have denied or deprecated the fact, human nature was developed into uncommon vitality, though that development was crowded into somewhat unaccustomed channels.

That his poetry is not overpowering in the number and quality of its *ideas*, should not be to any a matter of surprise or disappointment. It is but quite lately that we have become accustomed to expect much in that way from the muses, and Charles had as good a stock of the commodity as most poets of his time. Nor do we want ideas always; or what would become of half our classic literature? There is a pleasure in finished and melodious verse, whether one learn anything from it or not. Charles Wesley will not seldom seem to the profanely uninited reader the reverse of rational, especially in his highest ecstasies; and in a few cases his jiggling metres, his violent adjectives, and his adjurations to "shout," appear unrefined; but usually he writes like a gentleman, and there is commonly apparent in his verses that nameless something which makes us willing to pardon faults and speak respectfully—treading softly as on holy ground. His peculiarities were neither few nor slight; but with them all, we know scarce any British lyrant who has shown more of "the vision and the faculty divine."

His great fault—perhaps we should rather say his first characteristic—was diffuseness. He said what he had to say with unsurpassed elegance and accuracy, but he was some time about it. In cases where specific minuteness was desirable, this became a virtue. No other known poet has yet been able, without sacrificing dignity and grace together, to enter fully into common things, and indicate precisely the most delicate shades of thought, feeling, relation, danger, duty. We may refer to two of the longest poems in the volume whose title we give below—*For Parents*, and *For a Woman near the Time of her Travail*. The masterful ease, the exhaustive minuteness, the combined naturalness and delicacy of the latter are really wonderful.

Although his genius was most at home in amplification, he sometimes forced himself to be concise. This was chiefly in his most extended work, the *Short Hymns on Select Passages of Scripture*, 2 vols., 1762. That he could on occasion be tersely epigrammatic may be seen from this, on the text "O that I knew where I might find him":

"Where but on yonder tree?  
Or if too rich thou art,  
Sink into poverty,  
And find him in thy heart."

Of humor he had none; but his wit was sharp and strong, and he used it freely, sometimes with terrible effect, in his polemic poems (largely anti-Calvinistic), samples of which are given here.

We spoke of his value as a help to psychologic study. He excels in portraying phases and elements of character, in describing moods of mind. Nor is this done in the usual dramatic way; he is the sole actor, and takes upon himself in turn the costume and the part of each. By pure force of sympathetic fancy he becomes for the time being what he is to depict. If the excesses of agonized repentance are his theme, his own fancied shortcomings afford the occasion, and he honestly identifies himself for the hour with the unpardonable sinners. Such mental facility has lent the colors of terrible truth to some purely ideal conceptions, and thus added some unique pictures to the gallery of what a German might call soul-literature.

He is especially happy (once or twice, at least) in delineating the highest imaginable state of mind—in religious parlance, resignation or acquiescence; in more general terms, magnanimity. And here we can compare him only with so great a name as Robert Browning, who has done the same thing with exquisite perfection in those noble poems, *The Patriot* and *The Last Ride Together*. But Browning, with his usual objectiveness of manner, invests the idea with all picturesque surroundings and tells it but obliquely, while Wesley, from among his native abstractions, speaks simply and directly, thus:

#### THE LAST WISH.

"To do, or not to do; to have,  
Or not to have, I leave to thee.  
To be, or not to be, I leave:  
Thy only will be done in me.  
All my requests are lost in one:  
Father, thy only will be done!"

"Suffice that for the season past  
Myself in things divine I taught,  
For comforts cried with eager haste,  
And murmured, when I found them not.  
I leave it now to thee alone:  
Father, thy only will be done!"

"Thy gifts I clamor for no more,  
Or selfishly thy grace require  
An evil heart to varnish o'er:  
Jesus, the giver, I desire,  
After the flesh no longer known:  
Father, thy only will be done!"

"Welcome alike the crown or cross;  
Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,  
Nor toll, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,  
Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,  
Father, thy only will be done!"

There is a deep and quiet melancholy about many of these pieces which will recommend them to such as have discovered, with the poet, that earth is not heaven. Disappointed men may find consolation in so boldly-put an apothegm as this:

"The man whom God delights to bless  
He never curses with success."

Some sufferers may take to themselves the meaning of these striking lines:

"The bitterness of death is past;  
The bitterness of life may last  
A few sad moments more."

And many may wish that over their bones might be placed with truth an epitaph so sensible and pious as that which was written by him for another and now marks his resting-place:

"With poverty or spirit blast,  
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest:  
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,  
Redeemed from earth, to reign in heaven!  
Thy labors of unwearied love,  
By thee forgot, are crowned above;  
Crowned, through the mercy of thy Lord,  
With a free, full, immense reward."

The volume of selections which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have just issued is chiefly taken from Wesley's unknown poems (the original text being carefully preserved), and aims to present him adequately and at his best. Proposing to gather within a moderate compass what is finest and most varied in the whole range alike of his familiar and forgotten works, it offers an opportunity which has not heretofore existed of knowing one whose literary place and uses are things, we believe, rather of the future than of the past.

JOHN WINTHROP—1630-1649.\*

THREE years ago we reviewed in these columns the work to which the present volume is a sequel. In that we found the career of the first governor of Massachusetts brought down to the eve of his embarkation for New England, there to begin an actual government with legislative functions in place of the commercial routine which the Massachusetts Company were privileged to regulate. The life of Winthrop, up to this important point, as it had passed with all the environments of social position, religious associations, and commercial adventurousness, could have been more completely portrayed had the letters preserved in the family archives gone in their details to any extent beyond the confines of the domestic circle. But this they rarely did. In its more private relations, however, a character was evolved of the utmost tenderness; godly indeed, as the epithet was then applied, but with little of that stern severity of behavior which (as his biographer says) has sometimes rendered the Puritan ideal repulsive even to their own posterity. Self-guarded and self-inspecting, his regimen was more severe with himself than towards others.

While Winthrop's fleet was riding at the Cowes, he began that "Journal" which was uninterruptedly continued till near his death. It has been the main source of information regarding the beginnings of the colony to all its immediate or remote historians ever since. It has confessedly formed the foundation of the work in hand, in which, however, there is enough of new matter in the way of letters and other family records to warrant his descendant's investing the honored form of his ancestor with all the additional traits that he could thus fortunately summon. So connected with the life of the colony itself was this subject of his labors that the author has found it no easy matter to draw the line between the historical and the biographical, and we shall scarcely attempt within our limits to mark the outline with more exact partition, if it were desirable.

Winthrop might almost have said *l'état, c'est moi*; but in no despotic sense. The charter he brought over indeed

\* *Life and Letters of John Winthrop, from his Embarkation for New England in 1630 with the Charter and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, to his Death in 1649.* By Robert C. Winthrop, Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1867. 8vo, pp. xvi., 484.

defined the company's privileges, but the problem of the co-ordinate government of rulers and a power-giving constituency was to be worked out as best it could be, with few precedents for their guidance, until we see a stray sow in the streets of Boston or a squabble of militia-men at Hingham leading the way to the settlement of constitutional questions affecting even the future of a great republic. It was an opportunity for a strong man, and fortunately here was one of peculiar fitness, in whom strength was mated with a tact and discretion that could best apply it or decline its use, as the case may be. One less pliant might have found a way to despotic power; one more pliant would surely have encompassed himself with misrule and anarchy. Winthrop, with a strong good sense and a willingness to keep his ear open to the dictates of necessity, succeeded in starting his colony on its clear way to permanence and renown, where so many had failed already. The settlement at Plymouth had indeed succeeded—partly owing to its smallness, and partly to the unaccountable absence of ambitious intrigue for the control, which was even so marked that at one time the office of governor required a forfeiture from such as avoided it against the colonists' wish. But Winthrop found a company many times larger looking to him; and its comparative magnitude imposed new difficulties, not to mention his complaint that "some persons never showed so much wickedness in England as they have done here." When he landed at Salem he found the settlers famine-weak and addicted to idleness. He at once set to labor with his own hands for example's sake, and rebuked every extravagance that might enervate the public will. If the deputy governor wainscotted his dwelling, he took him to task for a needless outlay in their condition; and he showed that for himself, at least, "pease, pudding, and fish" were diet ample and savory enough. "My own sweet wife," he writes to his spouse, whom he had left behind in England, "be not disheartened. Trust in the Lord and thou shalt see his faithfulness!" His religion and his political economy united upon one precept, that the way to riches was never to want. "My dear wife," he writes again, when Blackstone's spring had allured them to the peninsula of Boston, "we are here in paradise. Though we have not mutton and beef, yet, God be praised, we want them not."

It was not a fanatical spirit that made Winthrop forego so much that his training had accustomed him to. He did not set the example at his own board of giving up the drinking of healths, without coupling it with reasons of economy and the waste as well as abuse of wine; yet he could see his ancestral estates in the old country sold at a sacrifice to provide for his sustenance in the new; and when at a later period an unfaithful bailiff in England brought him nigh to ruin in his worldly estate, he found that his treasures had been laid up in the affection of the colony, and their remembrance did much to atone for his loss. He was by birth and education, in politics and in religion, aristocratic, and the Established Church had bred him, and he leaned upon it while it was at hand, and was one to put in a petition for its prayers at the season of his bidding adieu to his native shores; and in the same spirit of toleration he was prompted to defend Roger Williams against the persecution of his people; and led to put away the order for the banishment of an heterodox believer, offered for his signature in his last illness, with "I have done too much of that already."

It is not a little remarkable to see how fortunately Winthrop steered through the dangers that beset him. Tolerant by nature, he was put to govern a colony in which a spirit of intolerance was so mated with the dogmatic jealousy of an independent habit that the one seemed a necessary complement of the other; and it were difficult to say which most conduced to the furtherance of the great idea which it seems the destiny of this continent to work out. Winthrop's rule had hardly been of four years' continuance when the infant colony set doggedly to work to meet a threatened conjunction of affairs aimed to abridge its liberties, hastening their fortifications as a show of spirit, and depending upon that better discretion mainly which might avoid or protract the crisis, and with an assiduity and success that saved the charter of Winthrop to the archives of the commonwealth. He doubtless saw what not a few have despaired since, that such a spirit could best be fortified in a stern isolation of sentiment, and a toleration that put no restraint upon the incomings of the antipodal in theology would likewise open the door to the insurrectionary in politics; and even so tyrannous an act as the disarming of the Hutchinsonians was allowed to perfect the integrity of that same spirit of independence.

The character of Winthrop, however, is not of that rigid outline that marks the indomitable reformer who stops at no measure of unfitness which may stand in the way of

his march. His was a transitional nature. He saw much that he would fain love in the old, and was lured by the promise of the new. He was naturally conservative, and he showed that distrust of the cloth which his class have experienced in our day when he deprecated any action of men of "singular wisdom and godliness who should step out of their course to manage state business." But he seems to have had a vision of the future and its contingencies, and to have understood how his time was privileged to cast upon the waters the bread its posterity was to feed upon. That little colony decreed by anticipation some of the great decisions of our day; and Winthrop acted with equal readiness as now the instrument and now the occasion. He planned and accomplished the colonial union of the New England settlements that prefigured the gigantic consolidation that we have suffered so to confirm. If the fear of an oligarchy agitated the people, his was the submission that emphasized the public supremacy over a solitary rule; or, on the other hand, he could exemplify how supreme individual fitness could be to theoretical equality. The commissioners of Massachusetts to select representative subjects for the Statuary Hall at the seat of government have chosen Winthrop and John Adams as her two most salient manifestations, each eminently an example of what in her history is most noteworthy and significant. They were men in some marked degree of a like nature, and in both a spirit of conservatism was tempered with an impulse towards the inevitable.

The two volumes which Mr. Winthrop has now made to cover the life of his distinguished ancestor are a valuable addition to our records of the earliest period of colonization in Massachusetts. Much that is new has been disclosed, and the old has been reset to conform to the latest and fullest illustrations. The reader will doubtless pardon a trace or two of gratulatory thought, inasmuch as it is so rarely our experience that a descendant may celebrate the virtues of an illustrious ancestor; and in Mr. Winthrop we presume it may be upon all hands looked upon as a privilege he shares with all worthy representatives of an honored line. We are not inclined to question any emanations of such honorable pride, and are doubly glad to find the story told by one who could so rightfully and so ably respond.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Constitutional Convention: Its History, Powers, and Modes of Proceeding.* By John Alexander Jameson, Judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, and Professor of Constitutional Law in the Chicago University. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.—This is a work of solid and permanent value, and at the present juncture in our state affairs it has a peculiar interest. It is an exhaustive discussion of the history, powers, and modes of proceeding of the constitutional convention, which, as the author observes, is certainly one of the most important and characteristic of the political institutions of the United States. Were it not for the remedy prescribed by the constitution of our state, the future would be gloomy indeed. The twenty years which have expired since the last revision have brought changes some of them unexpected and many of them highly unfavorable to the good of society and the administration of justice. As has been repeatedly pointed out, bad men have availed themselves of the clogged calendar of our court of highest resort indefinitely to delay the settlement of actions and to punish or ruin opponents who have gained their causes before the courts of original jurisdiction, as they certainly will gain them, when reached, before the ultimate bench of appeal. There are, unfortunately, always scoundrels enough in the world to profit by the unpremeditated loopholes of legal technicality, and who console themselves with the idea that if the law is on their side, that is to say, if it tacitly permits their villainy, they are doing no moral wrong. Many such persons have used the New York Court of Appeals to crush and ruin honest and worthy litigants, about the righteousness of whose cause there is no division either in public sentiment or with the judgment of the bar, to gratify vindictive spite and to keep as long as possible the use of money which is not justly their own. The transcendent evil of a system which thus actually oppresses the poor and sustains the unworthy rich needs no argument to demonstrate its enormity. That it is essentially demoralizing, is evidenced by the fact that men in Wall Street who would scorn to pick a pocket or cheat a child out of an orange have lent themselves as bondsmen to rascals of this kidney, who for their crimes should be hooted from the whole of society, as they are regarded with supreme contempt by the better portion of it. These infamies, so disgraceful to a civilized community, will now happily soon be brought to a close; but they certainly would not have been, except by revolution, were it not for the action of the constitutional convention.

Judge Jameson's work starts *ab initio* with the leading principles of our system of government and its distribution of the function of legislation. It treats with broad yet precise analysis the various sorts of convention, including the Spontaneous, the Legislative, the Revolutionary, and the Constitutional. The important question of original sovereignty is comprehensively explained, together with that of constitutions, as preliminary to deal-

ing with the leading topic to which the work is professedly devoted. Histories of the various conventions which have been held in all the different states, as well as those of national character, are appropriately afforded; and constitutional amendments are discussed in an able and luminous manner. The opinions of leading American jurists and statesmen on points growing out of these and cognate subjects are arrayed at length, and will be found of great use to the student as well as valuable for general reference. We recommend the study of this excellent work upon general principles as of great consequence at all times and of singular interest and value at the present one.

*The Draytons and the Davenants. A Story of the Civil Wars.* By the author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family.* New York: M. W. Dodd. 1866.—With all the calamities incident to civil war still fresh in our minds, and with a vivid recollection of the state of feeling, amounting, in some instances to fanaticism, which existed throughout our country, the reader will peruse with more than ordinary interest a history of the terrible conflict which well-nigh devastated England towards the close of Charles the First's reign, and which was in many points similar, though far exceeding in duration the strife from which we have happily emerged. Volumes have been filled with tales of the political tyranny and the religious bigotry and intolerance which characterized the two great factions alternately swaying that unhappy country, but the minor details of domestic life, of care and suffering, of friendships sundered, hearts broken, and homes made desolate, could scarcely have found a more exact and faithful annalist than the authoress of the work before us. Earnest thought and extreme delicacy characterize all this lady's writings, but there is a want of variety in the oft-recurring home-scenes, and a vast amount of tame preaching and dogmatic controversy, doubtless characteristic of the days when Cromwell sought to bring the enthusiasm of piety to oppose the enthusiasm of loyalty, but which becomes excessively wearisome at the present time. With all due admiration for the zeal and devotion of the Puritan, we become very much tired of a society in which no one person can answer a simple question without a religious quotation.

The story, which is simply an historical record of the times under a very slight guise of fiction, is supposed to be recounted by Olive Drayton, who, while sitting at her spinning-wheel in her New England home, recalls the buried memories of her early life in the old country during the wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. In her youth she had kept a journal, to which she not only refers to help her memory but gives copious extracts from it, as well as from the diary of her friend Lettice Davenant, of whom she says:

"Lettice and I were friends by right of our differences and our sympathies, by right of a common antagonism to Sir Launcelot Trevor, and our common conviction of our each having the best brothers in the world. Lettice and Harry royalist, and Roger and I patriots to the core; they devoted to the king and Queen Marie, and we to England and her liberties; they persuaded that Archbishop Laud was a new apostle, we that he was a new Diocletian."

The home-circle at Netherby, the hereditary estate of the Draytons, is described with unaffected simplicity—the earnest and religious father; Aunt Gretel, meek and merciful; brother Roger, with his love of freedom and his enthusiastic admiration for Cromwell; the sly cousin Placidia, whose meanness and prevarication make her a standing grievance; and Aunt Dorothy, the representative of even-handed justice, who hates Popery, but thinks the Inquisition had its uses, and that the Star Chamber was a good institution in proper hands. A preparation for May-day celebrations, which the Lady Lucy Davenant and Sir Walter and all the aristocratic family at the hall have promised to grace with their presence, gives occasion for much controversy at the less pretentious home of the Draytons, and the religious aspect of the proceedings is hotly argued by the two aunts. Aunt Gretel meekly asserts that merry-making is not prohibited in the Bible:

"I confess," replied Aunt Dorothy, "that if there could be a thing to be wished for in the Bible—with reverence I say it—it is just that there were a few plain rules. St. Paul came very near it when he was speaking of the weak brethren at the idol feasts; but I confess I do think it would have been a help if he had gone a little further when he was about it. Then people would not have been able to pretend they did not know what he meant. I do think it would have been a comfort if there could have been a Book of Leviticus in the New Testament."

"But your Mr. John Milton," said Aunt Gretel, "in his new *Masque of Comus*, which your brother thinks beautiful, introduces music and dancing."

"Mister Milton is a goodly man," said Aunt Dorothy, "but, poor gentleman, he is a poet, and poets cannot always be expected to keep straight like reasonable people."

"But Doctor Martin Luther himself dearly loved music," said Aunt Gretel, driven to her final court of appeal, "and even sanctioned dancing, in a Christian-like way, without rioting and drunkenness."

"Dr. Luther might," rejoined Aunt Dorothy, "Dr. Luther believed in consubstantiation and rejected the Epistle of St. James; and, besides, by this time he has been in heaven, it is to be hoped, for nearly a hundred years, and there can be no doubt he knows better."

A sort of pestilence, which had been brought to Netherby by a cousin recently arrived from Germany, attacked several of the servants, and Lady Lucy invited Olive and Roger to remain on a visit at the hall, in order to escape contagion. How Olive Drayton acquired her first lessons in worldly wisdom and court manners is quaintly and prettily narrated. Visitors are announced whom Lady Lucy receives very courteously, and after their departure she says languidly:

"What a deliverance!"

"I involuntarily shrank," said Olive, "from her to the furthest corner of the room, and, watching the departing strangers, wished myself departing with them." Lady Lucy explains to her the motives which obliged her to receive these people, but Olive finds it rather difficult to reconcile herself to the idea that "one reason of life should be governed by the codes of right and wrong, and another by those of politeness."

"From that time (1638), through more than a quarter of a century, public and private life were so intertwined that no faithful history can divide them."

The characters in the book are all mere sketches; that

of Lady Lucy, perhaps, the most interesting. Her unflinching loyalty and devotion to the royal cause, the dignity and resignation with which she receives the tidings of the death of her beloved son Harry, the grave, religious, highly cultivated Cavalier, and finally her own death, are all depicted with tenderness and pathos. While the sympathies of our authoress are evidently enlisted for the party whose battle-cry was "God with us," she endeavors to divest herself as far as possible of all traditional prejudices and unjust antipathies, and to render a faithful and instructive chronicle of events transpiring at this most critical period of English history.

*First Years in Europe.* By George H. Calvert. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1866.—The results of impartial and intelligent observation on the part of those who go abroad "the useful science of the world to know" cannot fail to be of service in breaking down received prejudices and enlarging the boundaries of intellectual pleasure. Of this we have abundant evidence in the work before us. The strong impressions made upon the youthful mind of an American who, forty years ago, left home for the University of Göttingen, and travelled leisurely—seeing under the best auspices and noting carefully all that was most remarkable in the several towns through which he passed—furnish ample materials for an interesting volume; but when we have the additional advantage of the mature reflections of a clear and philosophic mind, though somewhat tinged with German thought, the value of the work is greatly enhanced. Mr. Calvert tell us that—

"Man's business—did he but know it—is, to learn, ever to learn, never to cease learning; which business the young carry on, only more briskly, learning unconsciously even more than consciously. Passively or semi-passively, they absorb knowledge, as growing leaves their sustenance from air, silently receiving, in periods of seeming inaction, images and impressions which are to be alment for the opinions and convictions of later years."

His own life has been one long devotion to learning in all its varied forms and under every circumstance and circumstance of life; and while sympathetic and liberal in spirit, he is unsparing in dealing with what is base or mean. In Belgium he is led to remark :

"The disease of a practical materialism prevails wherever on the globe gold has been able to make itself into a heap, as though by the friction and jingle incident to the piling of coins of metal were generated a miasma that strikes right into the heart of mankind."

A stern moralist, too, our author is, and severe in his castigation of the hypocrisy of the priesthood; and while a hater of forms, a sincere reverer of the true spirit of religion. His appreciation of the highest works of art is evinced by frequent criticisms, and his suggestions are always worthy of consideration, although the ideal is too frequently apt to be in advance of the possible.

"Genuine poetry," says Mr. Calvert, "is a new creation, the rhythmic result of a fresh original energy, working outwards from the unseen focuses of feeling a novel incarnation of a novel spiritual impulse; and painted pictures to be good should be poetical; that is, even in their lowest form they should exhibit a fresh aspect won from reality by the light thrown on it from a penetrative, beauty-enlightened mind. To work well with pen or brush a man must have in him a something new which craves utterance. In his brain must be born a somewhat that the world has not yet seen. By this inward birth he must be in a measure dominated. He becomes, and it is his joy to become, the mere tool of his intuitions and conceptions. Does he do his work for the love of the work or from love of himself? This is a life question. Upon it depends whether work be alive or dead."

The life of the young American among the fifteen hundred students at Göttingen is simply and pleasantly told. He is an ardent worker, and an enthusiastic admirer of Goethe, with whom he had the honor of an acquaintance, as well as with several of the leading minds of Germany. During the vacations he visits Dresden, Weimar, and other places of interest, and, besides presentations at the several courts, is hospitably entertained in the highest circles of society. England, Scotland, and France are subsequently visited, and his travels are everywhere marked by thoughtful observation. Occasionally he finds pleasure in the gratification of an abstract feeling of nationality, and clings to his anti-English prejudices with English tenacity, giving us some amusing anecdotes illustrative of John Bull's peculiarities. It is a matter of regret that so finished a scholar as Mr. Calvert should not have employed his vast resources in adding more liberally to the literature of his country; there are few among us more capable of handling serious questions so comprehensively and in so polished and uniformly graceful a style.

*Lizzie Lorton of Greirrigg: a Novel.* By E. Linn Linton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.—A story well conceived and carefully executed, evincing but little originality of thought on the part of the author, but a thorough knowledge of human nature. Withal a highly interesting story; but why Mr. Linton should have burdened it with such a weight of north country dialect, such wearisome conversations—without a gleam of enlivening humor—between persons in whom the reader can take no possible interest, and carried on in language doubtless highly amusing to the dwellers in Cumberland but wholly unintelligible to the rest of mankind without the aid of a glossary, seems to us incomprehensible.

The scene is laid in a secluded village in Cumberland, and in the first chapter the new clergyman arrives to take charge of parish over which the former incumbent presided for sixty years. Ralph Wynter was young and zealous, anxious to make many changes and improvements and to enlist the sympathies and active aid of the younger members of his congregation. His mother, Mrs. Wynter, is a very charming old lady, a great invalid, but cheerful, refined, and a true Christian. The principal family in the village was that of Captain Lorton, a retired officer, who had passed the greater part of his life in India. His second wife, the mother of a large family of spoiled children, a good-natured, lazy woman, slightly asthmatic and threatened with heart disease, passes much of her time in sleeping and the re-

mainder is devoted to her children, plagues to every one who approaches them, but most especially are they the tormentors of the beautiful Lizzie, Captain Lorton's eldest daughter by his first wife and the heroine of the present story. The character of Lizzie is well drawn and admirably sustained throughout. Refined, proud, dissatisfied with her position, without companions capable of understanding her, hating the bondage to which her step-mother confined her, with no object in life on which to expend her vast energy—

"She sank into a state of apathetic despair from which some new cross or grievance called her back to the old fierce round of hate and agony, and fruitless striving. So she lived and bloomed in her young beauty, the saddest and most stormy maiden in the whole north country; but also one who, by good uses and in her fitting sphere, might have been made the noblest and most heroic."

Ralph Wynter of course falls in love with Lizzie, and his kind, gentle mother endeavors to awaken her to a sense of the religious duties requisite to her position in the village. Lizzie takes very unwillingly to her task, but improves in temper and disposition under the better influence of these good people, at the same time poor Ralph fails to awaken any personal interest for himself. One day Ralph is rescued from drowning by a stranger, one Ainslie Forbes, who is described as possessing all the attributes of strength and manly beauty which would be likely to attract the admiration of a wild, imaginative, and impulsive girl like Lizzie. For good or for evil, her fate at once is sealed; to him she gives all the love of which her passionate nature is capable, yields her hitherto ungovernable will to win the heart of a man incapable of appreciating her devotion, and who with many admirable characteristics is not a gentleman. His vanity prompts him to encourage a love which he cannot reciprocate, and afterwards to drive poor Lizzie frantic by devoting himself to Miss Elcombe, a rich heiress who arrives from London to take possession of some property in the neighborhood. So intense is Lizzie's love, that she unwittingly pursues the method least likely to ensure a return; undisciplined and violent, but incapable of deception, she becomes more than "half the woorer," and as a natural consequence is unappreciated and almost rejected. During one of their stormy conflicts, occasioned by her increasing jealousy of Margaret Elcombe, in which he endeavors to convince her that his poverty alone is a bar to their union—

"I will love you and be your happy wife, whatever your home," said Lizzie in her deep tones. "I will work for you as your servant; I will regret nothing—station, luxury, home, nothing, if only I may be with you and never leave you again. Oh! Ainslie you do not know how much I love you. If you did, you would not let such a miserable thing as money stand between us. No one will ever love you as I do; no one ever could." Her voice rose to a wild cry as she said this. She put her arms round him, and looked into his face with an expression in her own that bewildered and half-maddened him. What could he do? Could he put her coldly from him, and bid her remember her own dignity, while he counted upon the obstacles between them? Could he refuse the love so frankly offered, and in that very frankness so confiding in his honor and generous acceptance? What could he do? Unsatisfied in rank, and poor in fortune as he was, the temptation was too strong for him—and he yielded as, perhaps, most other men would have done.

"Lizzie," he said in a half-suffocated voice, clasping her to him, "who could resist you? Who could help loving you?"

"Oh! then you do love me!" she cried with a wild, ecstatic voice. "Ainslie, say it again! Say that you love me again!"

"I love you, Lizzie," said Ainslie; and at that moment he thought he spoke the truth.

"I am too happy!" sobbed poor Lizzie, lifting up her face, beautified by happiness into something almost unearthly. "Oh Ainslie! My Ainslie now! You have given me new life and made the world heaven to me."

"But you must keep it secret, Lizzie, for a time at least—until I see my way," said Ainslie, the entanglement of the future striking him.

"I will have no will but yours, my darling," she answered tenderly. "I will keep it secret for ever—only love me, and I care for nothing else."

"Perhaps the master will not object to give me a sovereign to keep his secret too!" said a rough voice in their ears, as a coarse, brutal-looking man got up from the ground where he had been crouching against the lee of the crag, and rounding the base stood suddenly before them."

A threat on his part provokes a blow from Ainslie, and a struggle ensues, resulting in the death of the ruffian. The subsequent scenes are full of interest, and poor Lizzie's sad life is a cruel atonement for the pardonable crime of giving her love unasked. The author throughout endeavors to extenuate his hero's faults, ascribing all his errors to vanity; but it would surely seem that the indulgence of it should be accounted criminal when its results are so terrible, and justice is scarcely satisfied when happiness rewards the wrongdoer at the expense of his victim.

*The Southern Poems of the War.* Collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1867.—The laudable purpose which animates Miss Mason in the compilation of the work before us, gives it, apart from any intrinsic merit of its own, a peculiar claim to respectful treatment. Besides a memorial for the preservation of war poems, the author tells us in her preface that she has another design, namely, "to aid by its sale the education of the daughters of our desolate land; to fit a certain number for teachers." Songs sung by camp-fires, and written amid the horrors of civil war, must needs be tinged with bitterness; but the antagonism existing between the different sections of the country has happily subsided, and we may, therefore, without offence to popular or local prejudices, point out what may seem pretty or deserving of praise, and at the same time refrain from endorsing any peculiar sentiment or opinion. It is not an uncommon thing for people to mistake their vocation, and under a state of great and general excitement to give vent to their feelings in verse, and sometimes to substitute exaggeration for true poetic spirit. In this large and varied collection we have many instances of this; but we do not propose to enter upon an analysis of their merits or defects. The object of Miss Mason was to enlist universal sympathy and to obtain an extended influence for the furtherance of her philanthropic endeavors, and she has, therefore, printed some things which her good taste might otherwise have induced her to reject. There are, however, many little

poems which claim a position far above mediocrity, and these early efforts give promise, with study and culture, of better things to come. "The poet is born;" but practice, industry, contemplation, and long days and nights of earnest application are requisite for the perfecting of poetic expression and for the power of acquiring that concentrated vigor necessary to the effective utterance of great thoughts. We have only room to transcribe one short poem, and to commend the volume to all those whose sympathies and interests are with the efforts of the accomplished compiler:

#### "SOMEBODY'S DARLING."

"The following exquisite little poem was written by Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah, Ga., and originally published, we think, in *The Southern Churchman*. It will commend itself by its touching pathos to all readers. The incident it commemorates was unfortunately but too common in both armies:

"Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,  
Where the dead and the dying lay—  
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,  
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,  
Soon to be laid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

"Matted and damp are the curls of gold  
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;  
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—  
Somebody's darling is dying now.  
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face  
Brush every wandering silken thread;  
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—  
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

"Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low,  
One bright curl from the cluster take—  
They were somebody's pride, you know.  
Somebody's hand hath rested there;  
Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in those waves of light?

"God knows best. He was somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;  
Somebody waited his name above,  
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.  
Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

"Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,  
And smiling, childlike lips apart,  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—  
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

*Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.* By George Macdonald, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—In the *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood* Mr. Macdonald has given us what is, presumably, his ideal of a clergyman of the Church of England, living in a kind of utopian parish and surrounded by interesting parishioners. The vicar of Marshmallows does not attract our sympathies as much as he ought, for, although he is young and does fall in love, Mr. Macdonald has drawn so strongly the priestly side of the character that the love affairs strike us with a certain sense of incongruity. We are in doubt whether most to admire the skill which created so perfect a clergyman or to weary of a creation whose pastoral preaching almost induces us to sympathize with more than one of his parishioners, who beg him pathetically "to let them alone." We tire of the professional tone and wish the vicar would not so often feel it needful to disclaim any desire to arrogate to himself the dignity of his office. There is a certain bareness and absence of detail which gives a sense of unreality to the first chapter. There is too little of the interior of the parson's house, too few of those deputations of pew-openers and sextons, charity-children and bell-ringers, church wardens and other functionaries from which the smallest vicarage could not be entirely exempt, and though the scene fills up by degrees, there is not sufficient realism of detail throughout to make it quite lifelike and, therefore, interesting as a story. The conversations seem made in order to bring in the vicar's favorite views and arguments, and the parishioners are not intrinsically interesting, although a certain interest is developed by their relations to each other and to the "parson." There are parishioners of high rank with mysteries in their family, and parishioners of lower rank whose sins and sorrows are not made mysteries of, but common talk which aggravates the wound it rudely touches. Mrs. Oldcastle, the grand old lady at the "Hall," is a vigorous sketch; but her daughter is an uninteresting combination of weakness and pride, terrified into submission by her mother's temper, until she falls in love; then she summons courage enough to emancipate herself. The Weirs, a carpenter's family, are two of them at least, the kind of hardened sceptic one meets so often in tracts, and so seldom out of them, whose obduracy falls before a mingling of mercy and punishment. "Old Rogers," evidently the author's pet, is a kind of glorified Jack Tar, using texts instead of seafaring expletives. In fact, nothing in the book is interesting but the author, whose thoughts so fill every page with wisdom and consolation that we can only wonder and regret that he should have constructed a plot and created characters neither of which are really deserving of praise, when his untrammeled flow of ideas would have been so in a high degree. As it is, when a story is read it is forgotten, when an exciting novel is finished it is thrown aside; but this is a book to turn to as to a friend, and find consolation amid misfortune, sympathy when laboring under those fits of gloom into which the most cultivated intelligence falls with greatest facility, and a rational cheerfulness to aid us in our more hopeful hours. Mr. Macdonald shows a strong feeling for the beautiful in nature, and a poet's appreciation of those subtle influences which cause her varying moods to be reflected in our souls as in her skies. His keen capacity for criticism is equally apparent, and his remarks on the taste for books and our value for them being sometimes

biasse by their extrinsic merits, might be quoted and remembered with advantage; but we should be condemned beforehand in a quotation by his own word, for he truly says: "It is a distinct wrong that befalls the best books to have many of their best words quoted till, in their own place and connection, they cease to have force and influence."

*Authenticity of the Gospels.* By a Layman. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler. Pp. 109. 1867.—These observations are intended to call attention to the practicability of substantiating the authenticity of the Gospels through the Swedenborgian system of Correspondences. They are written in an earnest as well as a pleasant and unpretending vein; but so important and comprehensive a subject cannot well be treated satisfactorily within such narrow limits. The high opinions of Coleridge and Emerson respecting the value of Swedenborg's writings do not seem to touch their convictions as to his theology; but the lifelong adhesion of so powerful a thinker as Professor Parsons carries unquestionable weight. The sentences from the essays of the latter gentleman which close this little volume constitute the most luminous portion of it.

*The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray.* Cambridge: Sevier & Francis.—This is the daintiest pocket edition yet published in this country of the sweetest and briefest of English poets. The paper and the printing, the beauty and appropriateness of the engravings, and the exquisite finish of the "head and tail pieces," deserve all the praise which whenever seen they are sure to receive. Altogether, the little volume is in its way "a gem of purest ray serene" which, however, is unlikely to remain in "dark unfathomed caves" either of "ocean" or bookseller's shelves; "a flower" which, if the public taste be what we think it, will by no means be permitted to "waste its sweetness on the desert air."

#### THE MAGAZINES.

THE January, or second, number of *The American Law Review* sustains the admirable promise of the first one, both in the literary and technical merits of the contents and the solid excellence of the paper and typography. Messrs. Little & Brown are doing a work in the publication of this review which has long been greatly needed, and which, we should say, cannot fail of substantial success. The present number contains valuable articles on Wallace's Reports, *Theories of Reconstruction*, Estates upon Condition, a very interesting biographical sketch of Luther Martin—the former Attorney-General of Maryland, and the defender of Aaron Burr on his trial for treason, at Richmond, in 1807—together with digests of cases in the English law reports for the months of July, August, September, and October; a digest of cases decided in the Supreme Court of the United States, etc. The legal profession throughout the country should liberally support this promising review, devoted as it is to the highest interests of their learned vocation.

The twenty-first number of *The Medical Record*, fortnightly published at New York and devoted to medicine and surgery, is a worthy and conscientious specimen of a commendable enterprise. It contains a great variety of matter interesting to physicians and students and not without attraction even to laymen. The reviews, the accounts of the progress of medical science, and the department of medical news and items strike us as being of permanent value and interest. *The Record* is published by Messrs. Wm. Wood & Co., of 61 Walker Street.

The new weekly magazine called *Northern Lights* is a pleasant attempt to do something after the manner of *Once a Week* or *All the Year Round*, and although it might be easy to point out faults in the copy before us, it would also, considering that it is a first number, be hypercritical to do so. Some of the sketches are very interestingly told, and Mr. Nasby's *Lost Maiden* is in his characteristic style. The *Salvation* is somewhat vague and pointless, and Mrs. Howe can do better things than the *Two Rs*. Some of the fiction is promising, and *Our Contributor's Club* is not quite so humorous as it is intended to be. On the whole, however, the number contains a good deal of pleasant reading, and we really see no reason why it should not be well supported. The fact that, unlike some publications of similar form, *Northern Lights* is original and American ought certainly to commend it to the attention of those who think national literature of any importance, and for this reason, apart from its intrinsic promise and the reputable names connected with it, we cordially wish it success.

The January number of *The Atlantic* is the best issue of that—perhaps of any American—magazine we have seen. Dr. Holmes's *Guardian Angel*, which opens in a manner thoroughly reassuring to the admirers of *Elsie Venner*, has reduced the Puritan press to extreme unhappiness. Indeed, the number is a thoroughly anti-Puritan one. Mr. Parton, in an elaborate puff of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher and his church, has a delicious scrap-description of the normal Friday evening prayer-meeting, where in a dreary cellar a small-shop-keeping deacon utters "dismal views of life in bad grammar through his nose;" and Professor Lowell tells how another deacon went to the bad in a long Yankee poem based upon a legend so trite and of such ingrained vulgarity that even he fails to raise it to respectability. Mr. Whittier's poem also is below his usual level, and the palm in poetry is due to Mr. Stedman's quaint conceit, *Pan in Wall Street*; although Mr. Bryant makes another admirable translation from the *Iliad*—these ought to grow into a complete translation—in which, nevertheless, the opening verses—

"O goddess! sing the wrath of Pelops' son,  
Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought  
Woes numberless upon the Greeks," etc.—

seem to us inferior to Pope's

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!"

Afterwards, however, Mr. Bryant's rendering is unap-

proachable. Some of the remaining articles are capital, and two worthless. The contents of the February number, which is already being set afloat in the newspapers, will include papers from Mazzini and Professor Agassiz.

*The Galaxy*, which inaugurated the new year by marked improvements in its form, continues to publish a class of reading which ought to ensure it a strong clientele among the growing class of readers who find *Harper's*—the *Easy Chair* alone excepted—no longer admirable, and who succumb reluctantly to the provincialism of *The Atlantic*. For the *Easy Chair* the unpleasantly named *Nebulae* nearly atone, and the variety in subjects and authors should satisfy the most catholic taste. In the last number Mr. George Wakeman continues, in an article on *Advertising*, his researches into the curious and *outre*. Mr. Winwood Reade, in *The London Clubs*, commences what the present prospects of his stay in this country may expand into a long series of articles. Mr. George M. Towle has a needlessly philosophical but still readable article upon *Imperial France*, the burden of which is that Louis Napoleon's policy is not based upon the *ideas Napoleoniennes* at all. And, among the other articles, Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie concludes a very interesting version of the friar Savonarola, his persecutions, tortures, and death at the instigation of Pope Borgia; and Marie Howland, in *The Poor Capitalists*, describes one of the co-operative societies among the manufacturing class of northern England.

Decidedly the strongest of the religious periodicals before us is *The Christian Examiner*, in which Dr. Bellows allows impartial field for discussion to the representatives of conservative and radical Unitarianism. The most thoughtful papers are Mr. J. C. Kimball's *What is the Vital Truth Underlying the Trinity?* and Dr. Frederick H. Hedge's *Destinies of Ecclesiastical Religion*. An article on the *Alleged Narrowness of Christian Faith*, which can be read with less dissent than will be occasioned by those just mentioned, disposes very ably of the charge of narrowness brought by the disciples of natural theology, whose excessive illumination logically leads their credulous followers to all manner of singular excesses; the narrowness of Christianity, we read, is simply its definiteness. It is narrow only as "it is of the nature of roads and gates to be narrow or straight, relatively to the countries through which they pass." Mr. H. J. Warner has a discriminating review of Auerbach's tales, whose literary merit and moral and political purpose have given their author foremost position among contemporary German authors. Mr. E. E. Hale reviews Mr. Bancroft's last volume in a somewhat fulsomely eulogistic strain, and, completing the list of articles, Mr. J. H. Allen considers the inadequate support of clergymen, for which he suggests a remedial scheme that hardly seems to meet the exigencies of the case.

*The American Quarterly Church Review* has some valuable matter smothered under a pervading Phariseism which no resources of ability could render tolerable, and on which much too little is employed. Two papers are valuable, the one on *Tertullian*, the other on *The Church and Unitarianism* which, arguing that Unitarianism is the child of—it is, we believe, the reaction from—Puritanism, holds that in the (Episcopal) Church is the ultimate asylum of Unitarians. Premises and deductions are repeatedly at fault; but the comments upon Puritanism are worthy to be ranked with those of *The Atlantic*. "Puritanism is *sans-culotte-ism* in church and state." The trouble in its administration is that "it has always refused to take human nature as God made it; and for creatures who had eyes, gave them nothing to see; and for creatures who had ears, gave them chiefly sermons to hear." It has no great depth, but is the best article of the number. *Lydia Huntley Sigourney* is an absurd piece of praise of an essentially commonplace muse, whose forte lay in necrological themes. Both *Church Architecture in New York City* and *Church Work and Party Work* are needlessly supercilious and offensive in tone. While the former has a good purpose, the latter is a very unjustifiable piece of religious squabbling, replete with coarse violence and foolish personality, descending to nearly a page of animadversion against the name of Mr. John Cotton Smith, who is a leader of the society assailed. The acumen of the book reviews may be judged from the fact that the editors "commend *Godey's Lady's Book* as worth reading from beginning to end."

*The Church Monthly* is not exasperating, and, we judge, affords very acceptable reading to its clientele. Three of the five articles are Episcopal novels, two of them continued. Another, also a continued article, demonstrates the necessity of an aggressive policy on the part of the Church; the other reviews, if it can be called reviewing, Prof. Ernest Naville's *Heavenly Father*.

*The Ladies' Repository* is a monthly of the Methodist Church, and under the editorship of Dr. J. W. Wiley, who is one of the most accomplished clergymen of that "persuasion," has been made probably the most readable of the religio-literary publications of the country, among which *Hours at Home* also holds a very respectable position.

The first numbers of the second volume of two Southern magazines are upon our table, *The Home Monthly*, of Nashville, and *The Crescent Monthly*, of New Orleans. The former is a very creditable specimen of the semi-religious class, and is rapidly advancing toward a standard of high excellence. *The Crescent Monthly* is more ambitious publication, and includes among its contributors the best literary talent of the South, such gentlemen as John Esten Cooke, Paul H. Hayne, John R. Thompson being named as authors of articles in the present number. The editorial department evinces much taste and indefatigable thoroughness and industry.

The third number of *Belgravia* and the promised contributions show that the excellence of its predecessors was due to no spasmodic effort, soon to die out. In her *Birds of Prey*, now in its third book, Miss Braddon ap-

pears to have introduced all the *dramatis personae* of what promises to be a very powerful and exciting novel; while in *Eloline's Visitant*, a ghost story, she gives an extraordinarily weird and original romance of the German school. *The Iron Casket*, now concluded, is the tale of a French convict made to suffer for a charge of murder of which he was innocent, but which he could not disclaim without overwhelming his sister with the exposure of a still worse complication of crimes. From which enumeration it may be seen that the fiction of *Belgravia*, though displaying abundant talent, is of the highly florid order we had reason to anticipate.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—*History of the Campaign of Mobile*. By Brevet Major-General C. C. Andrews. With maps and illustrations. Pp. 276. 1867.  
M. W. DODD, New York.—*The Women of the Gospels*, *The Three Waking*, and other Poems. By the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*. Pp. 275. 1867.  
*The Brownings: A Tale of the Great Rebellion*. By J. G. Fuller. Pp. 310. 1867.  
The Brewer's Family. By Mrs. Ellis. Pp. 325. 1867.  
JAMES B. KIRKEE, New York.—*Poems*, Lyrical, Dramatic, and Romantic. By John Savage. Pp. 118, 100, 105. 1867.  
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—*Antonius: A Dramatic Poem*. By J. C. Heywood. Pp. 272. 1867.  
THE WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, Chicago.—*Love and Land: Poems*. By Michael Scanlan. Pp. 262. 1867.  
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—"Swingin' Round the Circle." By Petroleum V. Nasby, etc. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Pp. 299. 1867.

#### PAMPHLETS, ETC.

BRADSBURY, EVANS & CO., London.—*The Handy Volume Shakespeare*. Vol. I. Pp. 233. 1866. (On sale by R. H. Johnston & Co., New York.)  
F. A. BRADY, New York.—*Margaret Hamilton*. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. Pp. 128. 1867.  
We have also received *Ale, in Prose and Verse*, by Barry Gray and John Savage; *Amusements, their Uses and their Abuses*, a Sermon, by Rev. Washington Gladden; *Prospectus of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women*.  
Also, current issues of the following quarterlies and magazines: *The Christian Examiner*, *The Medical Record*, *The Galaxy*—New York; *The Church Monthly*, *The American Law Review*, *Northern Lights*—Boston; *Belgravia*—London; *The Sunday-School Teacher*—Chicago.

#### LITERARIA.

##### AMERICAN.

MR. WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT's *Philip the Second*—of which an Italian translation, recently published at Venice and Turin, meets with high praise at the hands of Italian reviewers—was left unfinished by the historian's death, while the materials he had gathered were not sufficient to complete the fourth volume. A completion, or rather, we believe, a complete history, by Mr. Charles Gayarré, a Louisianian of Spanish descent, is, together with other works by the same author, among the announcements by Mr. Widdleton which we print this week. Mr. Bancroft, who has read the work in advance, writes to the author in highly gratulatory and eulogistic terms.

In replying last week to a querist that "Ouida," the author of *Strathmore*, *Chandos*, etc., was a man, we relied chiefly upon the internal evidence of their mysogny and other attributes, and were, it appears, mistaken. The writer, we are informed by a gentleman who knows her, is a Miss De la Rama, living near London, and of English birth. Her admiration of Americans is said to be very great, owing chiefly to the large sale of her novels in this country and to the liberal conduct of her Philadelphia publishers, whom she has a habit of eulogizing periodically in letters to *The Reader*. In the last of these she illustrates the copyright grievance by an allusion to the intention of certain New Yorkers to pirate her new novel, *Idalia*. A very instructive lesson, and one as amusing as it should be profitable, is connected with the publication of this novel. We are not yet permitted to explain the manner of it, but it can hardly fail to transpire at an early day, when the would-be pirates may ponder upon the aphorism, *Il rira bien qui rira le dernier*.

Two correspondents furnish us Horatian translations. Dr. James R. May, of Portsmouth, N. H., sends this little ode (Lib. I., cxi.):

#### "AD LEUCONOEN.

"Ask not, Leuconoë! 't were wrong to know what fate  
From God above our mortal lives await;  
Seek not to learn a better thing by far  
To suffer what's ordained us by our star;  
If for us many a winter's sun may shine,  
Or if the last now gilds the Tuscan brine,  
Be wise! fill up, and let time speed away,  
Trust not to-morrow, but enjoy to-day!"

MR. JOHN C. RIDPATH, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., adds to the numerous versions of *Exegi monumentum a perenni* this rendering into Spenserian stanzas, which we agree with him in thinking "as nearly literal as may be done in English verse," though two of the verses half perceptibly:

"I have wrought out a monument more sure  
Than sculptured bronze, and loftier than the height  
Of regal pyramids that still endure!  
This not the raging tempest nor the might  
Of impotent Boreas o'er shall blight,  
Nor years unnumbered, nor the lapse of time!  
Not all of me shall perish! for the bright  
And deathless part shall even spurn the slime  
Of Libitina's realm—the dread and sunless clime.  
"I shall increase to all posterity,  
Growing in praise, while on the sacred hill  
The priest shall with the silent virgin be!  
I shall be sung by rough Oanto still,  
And where poor Daunus rules the rustic will,  
Strong in humility, and first to lead.  
The Æolian carmen with poetic skill!  
Seize then, O son!, thy proud fame merited,  
And place, Melpomene, the crown upon my head!"

AMONG the distinguished dead of the last year, the American of highest literary standing was Dr. Jared Sparks. Rev. John Pierpont, Dr. Eliphilet Nott, and Dr. Hawks are also to be enumerated. England lost Dr.

William Whewell and the Rev. John Keble; while Mr. Gordon Cumming, the hunter and travel-writer, died in Scotland; and Sir Charles Eastlake and Francis Mahony—Father Prout—died abroad. Miss Frederika Bremer, in Sweden, and M. Edouard Antoine Thounenel, in France, are also among the distinguished dead connected with literature.

A PRIVATELY printed volume on *Ale, in Prose and Verse*, contains a poem by Barry Gray, entitled *A Runlet of Ale*, with numerous lithographic illustrations; an antiquarian, historical, and literary dissertation upon *Ale*, by John Savage; and, in conclusion, an historical and descriptive account, very completely illustrated, of the great Albany brewery, with a biographical sketch of its founder.

THE REV. WM. L. GAGE, the accomplished translator of several of Carl Ritter's writings and other German works, is engaged upon the authorized translation of Prof. Tischendorf's enlarged and revised edition of *When were our Gospels Written?* to be published by Messrs. C. Scribner & Co.

THE REV. SAMUEL DUTTON HINMAN, a missionary to the Dakota Indians, has made a translation into their dialect of the *Prayer Book*, which is published at St. Paul.

THE REV. B. F. DE COSTA is to be the managing editor of *The Protestant Churchman*, a new Low Church Episcopal paper in New York. *The Episcopalian* is, we believe, at present the only Low Church paper in the city.

DR. O. W. HOLMES, it is reported, is about to resign the Parkman professorship in Harvard College.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is soon to publish a *History of the late War between the States, tracing its Origin, Causes, and Results*, which will be comprised in one volume of 800 pages. Mr. Stephens, by the way, is the subject of a forthcoming "life," by Mr. Henry Cleve land, a Georgia editor.

MR. GEORGE LUNT is writing another war history.

MR. JOHN G. WHITTIER has sent to press his new poem, *The Tent on the Beach*.

COL. ADAM BADEAU, who, during the war, was on General Grant's staff, is concluding a book about his chief.

MR. HENRY MORFORD is about to print, in a volume entitled *Over Sea, or England, France, and Scotland in 1865*, a book of foreign travel, based upon contributions which he made while abroad to the American press.

MR. JOHN A. DORGAN, a Philadelphia poet, died last week of consumption.

#### FOREIGN.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN reply very courteously in *The Athenaeum* to the by no means civil letter from a New York magazine publishing house to which we alluded last week. To the grievance of which the New Yorkers complain, the English publishers say they "have been compelled to submit again and again; but, inasmuch as all this was done according to law, it never once entered our minds to protest against the alterations which have been introduced by American publishers into tales appropriated from our columns;" and they add the same hope which the matter suggested to us, that its occurrence may make new converts and direct new attention to the necessity of an international copyright. Mr. S. R. T. Mayer, in reply to the same letter, writes that it is the custom of the penny journals to get most of their "kitchen literature"—three out of five of their so-called original tales—by altering American novels. As an instance of the superficial manner in which this alteration is done, he cites the case of a journal that circulates 60,000 copies which had replaced Saratoga by Hastings, Hudson by Thames, cents by pence, and the rest of it; but at one point the heroine was represented sitting at her window watching the sunset behind the Surrey hills [Catskills] and "listening to the hum of the mosquitoes and cicadas," which the advocates of consistency thought should be changed to "cockchaffers and daddy-longlegs." This writer also considers this pilfering an abuse which an international copyright is needed to remedy, since, "besides injuring the American author, whose works are garbled and disguised, it prevents authors of original fiction from obtaining a fair price for their productions." *The Publishers' Circular*, treating the same subject, *apropos* of Mr. Grant White's *Galaxy* article upon the inferiority of American periodical literature, says: "It is remarkable that the writers who discuss this question generally overlook the very injurious effect upon American periodical literature of the absence of an international copyright convention between this country and the United States." Among us, it adds, abundance of able political writing, because "articles on domestic affairs must necessarily be written, as a rule, by and for the people directly interested in them. It is not so with articles of general literature and art, for there [here] it has long seen the habit to depend on our journals. While the habit of putting up with stale reprints of English articles is so firmly established, American editors and publishers will not see the value of original contributions until they discover that, whether English or American, their contributors must be paid." The extent of this abuse is readily seen when we consider the number of periodicals which are made up chiefly or entirely of matter appropriated from English magazines; not only is this done in publications ostensibly of an "eclectic"—anglicé, piratical—character, but some of our most respectable monthlies have no scruple in appropriating stories which they print as original, while, as to illustrations, it is a new and still a rare thing to use those by American artists when it is possible to copy from Eng-

lish works. So far are writers for the press from appreciating the real results of this practice, that they are unanimous and loud in their weekly or monthly commendations of this class of publishing, all the while—innocent souls!—wondering that we are so destitute of American writers, and that those we have, themselves included, are so underpaid.

MR. JAMES HOWARD, who has taken a tour of agricultural observation through this country, delivered recently before the Farmer's Club, London, a lecture entitled *Things in America*—farmer's things, to wit—which has been printed. On our agriculture, thinks Mr. Howard, the progress of the country mainly depends, and we must always furnish grain to the world. Owing to high wages and scanty labor, agricultural machinery is a necessity, and the number of reaping and mowing machines built—over 100,000 per annum—surprised him; yet he considers our threshing machines greatly inferior to the English, "though the Americans were apt to think they were far ahead of us, and that we were a very slow people." Our ploughing he thinks much too shallow, and that "the advantages of the steam-plough would be immense." Our cattle (17,000,000) are double the number of those in the United Kingdom; our sheep—"miserably bred and ill-looking things, about half the size of the English flocks of Leicesters, South Downs, and Merinos"—2,500,000 fewer, while our pigs number ten times those in Great Britain. As to horses, "I did not see in the whole of my travels what I call a good, stout draught horse," though ours "are well-bred, clean-legged, and active," and our malleable cast-iron horse-shoes, for which nails are not used, he intends using. We doubt whether many heavy draught horses in the world can be found to surpass the express horses seen in Boston and Philadelphia, or the fine teams used by the Adams Express Co., or by Herring, the safe-maker, in this city; though in general these criticisms are no doubt just. The paper is one which might profitably be reprinted in this country.

A MR. BURR advertises in *The Anglo-American Times* requesting all who favor a reduced postage between England and the United States to communicate with him. Postmaster-General Randall, it is well known, has been endeavoring to adjust a scheme by which rates should be reduced one half, and the requirement of prepayment should be abandoned. Under the present plan this country pays some \$150,000 a year in gold to England. This arrangement, however, was not to take effect before 1868. We are not aware whether Mr. Burr is anxious simply to promote this movement, or to accelerate it, or to make it still greater reduction; at all events, we wish him and his coadjutors all success.

THE English announcements still contain works on our war. Of Col. Fletcher's *History of the American War*, now published entire, we have already spoken. Col. John Lewis Peyton, L.B., F.R.G.S., etc., is about to publish in London *The American Crisis; or, Pages from the Note-book of a State Agent during the Civil War*. Heros Von Borcke's *Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence*, originally published in *Blackwood*, have at last been issued in two volumes, the delay in their appearance having been caused by the author's addition of a preface which states that he has been again at war, this time for Prussia, his native country, and in battle at Königgrätz. *Apropos* of Von Borcke, *The (London) Publishers' Circular* says that "our American critics persist in regarding [him] as a fabulous personage." The identity of the gentleman has been pretty fully established in *THE ROUND TABLE*. In one of our issues last August appeared a letter from Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, stating that he had known him "in Paris several years ago—a large, awkward, green, very green youth." A few numbers later, we printed a letter from Mr. William Evelyn, of New Orleans, who knew him during the war in the South, where he "attracted considerable attention by his immense size and by his Munchausen tales." The first eight or ten chapters of his book, Mr. Evelyn adds, were written by Mr. John R. Thompson, now lecturing in the South, who, however, soon rebelled against the egotism and vanity he was expected to put into the book, and relinquished the task, whereupon another writer was found.

TWO valuable libraries are to be sold at Leipzig during the present month. One of these is that of Luigi Manini, the last Doge of Venice, which contains a rare collection of works illustrative of the days of Venetian glory; the catalogue of the portion of the library to be sold embraces 2,358 works. The other is that of the late historian, Dr. Lappenberg, of Hamburg, comprising the most important works of English, German, and Scandinavian literature, especially one of the most complete collections known of writings referring to the fables of Tyll Owlglass and Reynard the Fox, as well as the Goethe and Schiller literature. The number of works named in the catalogue is over 6,000. A valuable English library sold some weeks since was that of Dr. Wellesley, whose sale, in London, occupied fifteen days and produced some £15,000.

M. VICTOR HUGO is writing a novel whose scene is laid in England.

AT Coburg, near which town Frederick Rückert spent the last thirty years of his life, a movement is on foot to erect a monument to the poet's memory. A colossal bust is proposed, and a model of it has been placed in the hands of the committee.

THE opening sentence of a review of *Ecce Homo* in *Le Correspondant* is so deliciously Frenchy that we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it: "England lives entirely upon imported ideas. These, originally derived from Germany, become clarified and rendered intelligible in France, and are finally accepted in England, or even promulgated there as new."

A FORTHCOMING new edition of the works of De Join-

ville, the historian of St. Louis, will contain a hitherto unpublished manuscript, "discovered," says the editor of the book, a conservator of the Imperial Library, "by an unhoisted chance."

THE curé of St. Sulpice, whose name has not reached us, has concluded a seven-volume work on *Notre Dame de France*.

THE Bishop of Orleans, one of the ablest of French prelates, in a work soon to be published under the title *L'Etat Moral de la France*, treats severely of the growing vices of French social life.

THE Count de Montalembert's *History of the Monks of the West*, of which the first volume appeared in 1860, has been published simultaneously in French and English—at least the third and fourth volumes have. Its author has just recovered from a long and painful illness.

MESSRS. JULES JANIN, Henri Martin, Théophile Gautier, and Victorien Sardou—all distinguished as authors or journalists—are among the candidates for the chair in the French Academy now vacated by the death of M. de Barante, the historian, and once filled by M. "François-Marie Arouet, calling himself Voltaire."

MR. JOHN RUSKIN is a candidate for the Oxford professorship of poetry, which will be vacant in the spring.

SIR MORTON PETO intends, on his return from Algeria, to write a volume on that country, in which he has built large works.

MR. A. K. H. BOYD—the Country Parson—has published *Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City*, a title ominous of more diffuse twaddle such as fills his previous books.

MR. ERNEST RENAN is about to publish a second edition of the first volume of his *Vie de Jésus*, which he has revised and altered in a manner which makes it, it is said, more heterodox than ever.

MR. WOODWARD, Queen Victoria's librarian, is writing *The Life of Leonardo da Vinci*—not of Michael Angelo, as has been rumored.

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE *SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY*—whose poems, "arranged by the author expressly for publication in this country," have just been issued by Mr. M. W. Dodd—has written a new tale for a London magazine.

MR. OSWALD COCKAYNE—spoken of by *The Reader* as "our best Anglo-Saxon scholar"—is preparing an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. A revised edition of a similar work by Professor Bosworth, which Mr. Cockayne has in time past attacked severely, is also in preparation.

MR. WILLIAM HAZLITT, grandson of William Hazlitt, the essayist and critic, has completed a life of his famous ancestor. A life of Hazlitt has already been written, we believe, by his son, but whether or no this was the father of the present biographer we are unaware.

MR. WORNUM has published a *Life of Holbein*.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH has in press *Studies in the Gospel*.

MR. EDMUND YATES has published a new novel, *The Forlorn Hope*.

PROF. J. C. SHAIRP has remodelled for publication in book form *John Keble, an Essay on the Author of the Christian Year*, originally printed in *The North British Review*.

MISS WETHERILL, author of *The Wide, Wide World*, has in press *The House of Israel*.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*Announcements cannot be made unless received on or before the Saturday preceding the date of publication.*

HILTON & CO., NEW YORK:  
The Diamond Cross: A Tale of American Society. By W. Barnett Phillips. 12mo, cloth.  
Brought to Light. By Thomas Speight. 8vo, cloth.  
New edition of Tomlinson's Poems. 12mo, cloth.

C. SCRIBNER & CO., NEW YORK:  
When were our Gospels Written? From the last edition, revised and enlarged, of Professor Tischendorf. 1 vol.

J. E. TILTON & CO., BOSTON:  
Grasses and Forage Plants. By the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON:  
The Memoirs of Madame Récamier, her Friends and Correspondence. With a portrait.  
The Genius of Solitude. By Rev. Wm. Alger.

G. P. PUTNAM & SON, NEW YORK:  
Colorado. By Bayard Taylor.

R. W. CARROLL & CO., CINCINNATI:  
The Human Eye: Its Use and Abuse. By Walter Alden, Optician.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., BOSTON:  
The Prayer-Book, interleaved with Historical Illustrations and Explanatory Notes, arranged parallel to the text. From the English edition of Campion and Beaumont. With large additions, adapting it to the American service. By the Rev. Wm. Stevens Perry.  
The Restoration of Belief. By Isaac Taylor.  
Sermons. By Rev. Alexander Vinton, D.D. New edition.  
Daily Hymns, or, Hymns for Every Day in Lent. Compiled by A. G. R.

LETHOLD & HOLT, NEW YORK:  
Guizot's Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity, and on the Attacks which are now being made Upon It.  
Lessing's Nathan the Wise. With an Essay by Fischer.  
From the German, by Ellen Frothingham.  
The Journal of a Waiting Gentlewoman. Edited by Beatrice A. Jourdan.

The Gentle Life. By the author of Vara.  
A Lexicon to Homer, for the Use of Schools.  
A Lexicon to Virgil.  
A Lexicon to Cornelius Nepos.  
A Lexicon to Caesar.

WIDDETON, NEW YORK:  
History of Louisiana. By Charles Gayarré.  
New editions of The Spanish Domination, 1 vol.; The French Domination, 2 vols. in 1; Philip the Second, by Chas.

Gayarré: Good English, or Popular Errors in Philology, by Edward S. Gould.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no communications to THE ROUND TABLE will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Your correspondent "R. Y." will find the passage containing the words "labitur et labetur," referring to an unwise countryman, in the epistle of Horace *Ad Lollium* (*Epist.*, lib. 1, 2). It is as follows:

"Sapere aude:  
Incipe. Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defuat annis; at ille  
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis avum."

Translated thus by Dr. Francis:

"Dare to be wise; begin; for, once begun,  
Your task is easy; half the work is done;  
And sure the man who has it in his power  
To practice virtue, and protracts the hour,  
Waits, like the rustic, till the river dried;  
Still glides the river, and will ever glide."

You will perceive that the doctor, in the first two lines of his translation, somewhat amplifies the thought of the original. His addition is equivalent to what had been previously expressed in a homely old proverb, which, peradventure, was in his mind when he was *oversetting* into English the gentlemanly Horace—to wit:

"Well lathered, is half shaven."

Or, mayhap, this is one of those "coincidences of thought among authors" which some of your noters and querists appear to be fond of tracing out, and which, in fact (without joking), as one intimates, are always pleasant to him who stumbles upon them in the varied field of letters.

I find, by the way, the same idea expressed in the "striking lines of a modern bard" (Goethe, I believe), as quoted in Longfellow's tale of *Kavanagh*:

"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story  
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.  
The indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!  
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!  
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated:  
*Begin it, and the work will be completed.*"

Allow me to give you an instance of "coincidence of thought" or of expression (or whatever it may be called) which I have

lately noted, though, perhaps, it may not be new to your learned readers. Every one is acquainted with the line in Campbell's *Soldier's Dream*—

"And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."

I find the same image in the *Castara* of William Habington (born, 1605; died, 1654):

"Let silence close thy troubled eyes,  
Thy fears in Lethe steep:  
The stars, bright cent'nds of the skies,  
Watch to secure thy sleep."

I regret that, in an answer to some one in your Notes and Queries, not long since, I made *Janes* and not *Horace Smith* the author of lines on *The First of March* beginning—

"The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud."

This was by a mere accidental slip o' the pen, for I well knew that Horace wrote them, and, moreover, I had before me at the time the poems of the two brothers. Yours truly, HANS SACHS.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., Dec. 21, 1866.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: In answer to "R. Y." of New York, as to the origin and significance of the motto of the family of Brooke:

"Astra, castra, numen, lumen."

"The stars, the camp, God, and light."

The family of — Lindsay, Baronet, has it thus:

"Astra castra, numen lumen."

"The stars my canopy; God my light."

"Nor sun nor moon they need, nor day nor night:  
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light."

—Heber's Palestine.

And see *Apocalypse*, xxii. 22.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 21, 1866.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Can any of your correspondents state where Bulwer got his plot for *The Lady of Lyons*? It is not original.

From a French story called, we believe, *The Bellows-Mender of Toulouse*. Bulwer tells about it himself in a preface to the later editions.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: While the "mutton" question propounded by "Mélanie" is undergoing discussion, it may not be *mal à propos* to introduce an epigram of La Harpe with which the reading public is probably unfamiliar:

"Pour trois montons qu'on m'avait pris,  
J'avais un procès au bâillage;  
Qui, le phénix des beaux esprits,  
Plaidait ma cause et faisait rage.  
Quand il eut dit un mot du fait  
Pour exagérer le forfait,

J. LE B.

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